

# THE CRITIC

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SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.		Page	Page	Page
<b>VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—</b>			<b>MISCELLANEOUS—</b>	
Personal Recollections of Ten Months' Residence in Berlin.....	121		Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan.....	125
<b>HISTORY—</b>			Lane's Life at the Water-Cure.....	126
Sharpe's History of Egypt.....	122		Revelations of Austria.....	131
Knight's Cabinet History of England ..	122		Knight's Weekly Volume.....	133
<b>FICTION—</b>			<b>JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE—</b>	
The Fortunes of Tarlegh O'Brien .....	122		Midnight Retribution, by Paul Feval.....	139
<b>POETRY—</b>			<b>JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE—</b>	
Festus, by P. J. Bailey .....	123		Life in California.....	135
<b>PERIODICALS, &amp;c.—</b>			The Greece of the Greeks.....	138
The Pictorial Penny Balladist.....	125		<b>JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY</b>	140
The People's Dictionary of the Bible.....	125		<b>THE TOURIST—</b>	
			Letters from a Travelling Bachelor, No. 8 ..	141
			<b>ART—New Publications.....</b>	142
			<b>MUSIC .....</b>	143
			<b>DRAMA—</b>	
			French Plays.....	143
			Haymarket.....	143
			Sadler's Wells.....	143
			Vauxhall.....	144
			<b>NECROLOGY—</b>	
			Heyman Joseph Michael.....	144
			Colonel Macrone.....	144
			<b>JOURNAL OF INVENTIONS, &amp;c.....</b>	144
			<b>JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY—</b>	
			The Zoist.....	145
			<b>HAIRS-AT-LAW, NEXT OF KIN, &amp;c.....</b>	145
			<b>BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR—</b>	
			Literary Intelligence.....	149
			List of New Books.....	150

## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Personal Recollections of a Ten Months' Residence in Berlin; also, Extracts from a Journal kept in Paris during the Crisis of 1839.* By Major WHITTINGHAM. London, 1846. Ollivier.

Is it to author or publisher that the world is indebted for this volume? Whose is the speculation? Whose the judgment that resolved on its publication? We fear that disappointment must be the result, whether fame or profit was the object. It has been termed a very dull, a very conceited, a very empty, and a very silly book; but it does not deserve such entire condemnation. It has some merits, as the extract below will prove, though mingled with many faults. It contains not a little information that will be new to the reader. We, therefore, briefly notice it in our record of the progress of publication, presenting a single passage as the best specimen we could find, and which, we see, has also attracted the notice of a contemporary, from whose columns we cut it, to save a borrowed volume from the danger of dirt in the printing-office.

#### A COURT BALL.

One morning a respectable looking man, who turned out to be a servant out of livery, entered my sitting-room, and informed me "that the king bid me to the theatre, ball, and supper at the palace of the Princess Lignitz, *en civile*,"—(that is, in *mufti*). It is curious that the king's parties were almost always attended in plain clothes; though anywhere else but in his majesty's palace a Prussian officer was never seen in Berlin out of his uniform. When the day and hour arrived (seven I think was the hour), I drove to the Linden in a carriage, and joining the line of vehicles was duly set down in my turn. On reaching the reception-room, I found one length of it occupied by ladies, and the other by gentlemen,—all standing. Indeed there was not a seat in the room. I joined the dismal black throng. Every gentleman wore a white neckcloth, which has since become so universal in England. After the company had waited some time, the folding doors at the head of the room flew open, and six or seven ladies all of a row, and holding each other by the hand, swept into the apartment. These were the king's daughters-in-law, his nieces, and his lefthand wife, the Princess Lignitz. This *fair irruption* (!) was followed by the king, and all the male members of the royal family. This was the proper time for presenting the few strangers.—An English deputy-lieutenant, who was passing through Berlin, was presented at the same time as myself, first to the king and next to the Princess Lignitz. A few matter-of-course questions,—regular royal questions,—was all that we could expect, and was all that we obtained. The king inquired my regiment, my service, my quarters; but as I was in plain clothes, he made no remark

on the number or cut of my buttons. His majesty was tall, but rather stiff, with a large, long, plain, inexpressive face. \* \* After the company had made their bows to their royal host and hostess, we all adjourned to the little theatre-room. There were not either seats or space sufficient for all the guests. I could only get as far as the door. The play in so confined a place was very dull work, with most of the disadvantages, and none of the excitement of private theatricals according to our ideas. For the performers there were professional and yet indifferent. Fanny Ellsler, however, by a solo dance, shed a temporary ray of light on the gloomy affair. After the play came the supper, which was a real dinner, and a very good one in its way; and I own that, though I am neither *gourmand* nor *gourmet*, I enjoyed that hour and a half exceedingly. One got into conversation and heard amusing things. None of the corps diplomatique were present at this party. The king only entertains them once a year, and that at a morning party, of the nature of those called by our Gallic neighbours, dancing breakfasts. Moreover, no prince of the blood can ask them to his parties more than once a year. This is a sad custom for diplomatists, who generally live in a court atmosphere. Its origin dates from Frederick the Great. It happened one evening at a royal supper given by that prince, and at which the corps diplomatique were present, that in an unguarded moment, when his majesty was *impenus veteris Bacchi*, he allowed a sarcasm to escape him at the expense of the Empress of Russia, whose character was anything but immaculate. A few days later, Frederick received information from his own minister at St. Petersburg, that his unfortunate *bon-mot* had been reported to her imperial majesty, with whom he was then very anxious to remain on amicable terms. The king, naturally disgusted at being thus betrayed in what he considered the privacy of his social hours, declared that none of the corps diplomatique should ever sup with him again. At the next evening party, that respectable body were given to understand that his majesty would at supper-time prefer their room to their company; but that they might, if they pleased, wait in the saloons for the concert which would follow the supper. But like all men of business habits, the corps diplomatique probably looked upon eating and drinking as the *sine qua non* clauses of a social treaty. The rejected and dejected diplomatists were in high dudgeon at being left in the royal saloons, to feast their eyes on gilded walls, while their co-guests had adjourned to more substantial repasts. They, therefore, held counsel together, and decided not to await the return of the company from supper, but to make themselves immediately scarce. They have never, I believe, been since invited by a King of Prussia to an evening party. \* \* After supper the company adjourned to the ball-room. The Prussians waltzed divinely. The couples followed each other quite close, and when necessary, in small circles, without ever gaining on, and far less tumbling over, each other, in the way one generally sees the matter managed at home. Then the mazourka also was always beautifully performed. The Prussians danced all those sort of dances pre-eminently. But what they could not get through well or

gracefully was the quadrille or "*contretanz*" of French importation. It was always a *contretanz* to them. They could not even walk through it without looking like sticks; and there were therefore seldom more than two quadrilles danced in the course of a ball. The divine polka was then a thing still hidden in the womb of time. The royal princes danced with whom they pleased, previous engagements giving way before them, unless of course previous engagements to royalty. The princesses also selected their own partners. \* \* \* As for the king, he might be seen standing alone, hat in hand, near a circle of waltzers; watching them all the time the dance lasted, with the grave and imperturbable countenance of an Asiatic gazing on the performance of dancing girls, for which he has duly paid. The Princess of Lignitz and most of the other princesses danced a great deal. When I was sufficiently tired of witnessing performances which I could not hope to equal, I retired to my own quiet lodgings.

### HISTORY.

*The History of Egypt, from the Earliest Times till the Conquest by the Arabs, A.D. 640.* By SAMUEL SHARPE. A new edition. London, 1846. Moxon.

MR. SHARPE'S *History of Egypt* has taken its place among the standard histories in our language, this honour being awarded to it not only for the laborious research with which the facts have been accumulated, but for the acuteness displayed in the deduction of the probable truth from the obscurity which envelopes the material, from which alone the historian can frame his narrative. Mr. SHARPE possesses another claim to admiration in the artistic skill of the composition. His style is singularly vigorous and nervous—a model of historical writing; good taste presides everywhere. There is no attempt at grandiloquence, yet never does he lapse into slovenliness. He preserves throughout an easy and graceful march, as becomes the theme. His descriptions are graphic, without laboriousness; when disquisition is necessary, it is put into the fewest words, and the narrative is resumed. His accounts of the philosophies of the various schools, his criticisms on philosophers and authors, are marked by a large and tolerant spirit, able and willing to discover the good as well as the bad of whatever is submitted to his judgment. As a specimen of this we present a single passage descriptive of two great men:—

#### ARISTOPHANES AND ERATOSTHENES.

Among the men of letters who at this time lived and taught in the schools of Alexandria was Aristophanes the grammarian, who gained the high office of head of the Museum in the following way: at one of the public sittings at which the king was to hear the poems and other writings of the pupils read, and, by the help of seven men of letters who sat with him as judges, was to give away honours and rewards to the best authors, one of the chairs was empty, one of the judges happened not to be there. The king asked who should be called up to fill his place; and, after thinking over the matter, the six judges fixed upon Aristophanes, who had made himself known to them by being seen daily studying in the public library. When the reading was over, the king, the public, and the six other judges were agreed upon which was the best piece of writing; but Aristophanes was bold enough to think otherwise, and he was able by means of his great reading to find the very book in the library from which the pupil had copied the greater part of his work. The king was much struck with this proof of his learning, and soon afterwards made him keeper of the library. Aristophanes followed Zenodotus in his critical efforts to mend the text of Homer's poems. He also invented the several marks by which grammarians now distinguish the tone and length of a syllable and the breathing of a vowel, that is, the marks for long and short, and the accents and aspirate. The last two, after his time, were always placed over Greek words, and are still used in printed books; the marks for long and short syllables are only used in works of prosody.

Eratosthenes of Cyrene, the inventor of astronomical geo-

graphy, was at this time at the head of the mathematical school. He was the first who fixed the place of a city upon the earth by the help of astronomy, or by means of its latitude, which he learned from the length of the sun's shadow at noon on the equinoctial days; and he named this observation the Theory of Shadows. From this he found that the earth was a ball; and, by measuring the distance between two places, he learned the length of a degree of latitude, which he found to be seven hundred stadia, and that three hundred and sixty times that distance, or two hundred and fifty-two thousand stadia, was the measure of the earth's circumference. With this knowledge, he lessened the mistakes in maps, which before his time had been drawn without any help from astronomy, and in which the distances in miles had been mostly laid down by days' journeys, or by measuring along the crooked roads. By these great strides of science he justly earned the name of Surveyor of the World.

This new edition is very handsomely printed, and will be a valuable acquisition to the historical library. Nor should any school library be without it.

*The Cabinet History of England.* Vols. XV. to XVIII. London: Knight and Co.

THIS, as our readers are aware, is an abbreviated reprint of the best parts of the "*Pictorial History of England*." The peculiar feature is its astonishing cheapness. Here we have the most perfect and valuable History of England yet written, offered at the price of a shilling a volume. Who would be without it?

### FICTION.

*The Fortunes of Turlogh O'Brien.* Nos. I to III. Dublin: M'Glashan.

A NOVEL, brought out in the fashion once made so popular by DICKENS. Each number is illustrated with two clever engravings. The tale promises to be one of considerable attractions. The author, although choosing to preserve the anonymous, is a writer of considerable power and much promise, if he cannot boast of other performances, as from the mastery of his pen we suspect he might. Certainly he is no novice in his art.

### POETRY.

*Festus: a Poem.* By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Pickering. POETRY has two distinct phases—the poetry of the affections, and the poetry of intellect. This distinction is not ideal, but a difference observable in the internal life of poetry itself. What we have called distinct phases are not, consequently, divided and diverging. They are only *distinct* in relation to themselves, but in relation to each other, and in relation to the complete development of poetry, they are mutual helps and necessary assistants. The most popular poetry is, primarily, the poetry of the affections; secondarily, the poetry of the intellect; but, considered as governing the result of a poet's immortality, there is no primary and no secondary. In the great poetic mind, affection and intellect are divided by phrenological rules, but united by poetical necessity; and the effect of this assimilation is, that each sublimates the character of each. But although a poet is created from those two distinctive phases, yet he is not the less one—not the less undivided—not the less complete in his genius. SHAKESPEARE, SCHILLER, and DANTE are proofs of this truth.

Poetry is itself a thing of God!  
He made His Prophets poets: and the more  
We feel of poetic do we become  
Like God in love and power!

Love and power are the synonyms of affection and intellect, and Mr. BAILEY may with strictest propriety

have used the terms. But he has used equivalent terms, and he has decided, from his strong internal faculty as a poet, that a poet expands into the ethereal likeness of God, by the increasing possession of feeling and energy; feeling which searches for objects to bless, and intellect which governs and directs it. But it may be asked why we have commenced a notice of *Festus* so paradoxically.

It may be asked why we have given anything more than a brief announcement of *Festus* now it has reached a second edition. We dismiss the last anticipated question first, that we may have more elbow-room, and more freedom to answer the other. It is because we wish everybody to read *Festus*, overflowing as it is with the nectar of racy thought, that we consider any time and any season a time and a season to point out its beauties, and to recommend it to the world. It is because we have been so long compelled to satisfy our critical appetite on the water-gruel of the most unpoetical poetizers that we are now the more anxious to feast on the literary nourishment of *Festus*, which bubbles from its pages like sparkling wine from an inexhaustible fountain. It will be found that the commencement of our notice is necessary to understand Mr. BAILEY's claims as a poet, since he exhibits, in a pre-eminent degree, the power of intellect and the sensitiveness of affection, which are unmistakeable evidences of genius.

No great poet ever led a soul to the footstool of God by degrading the nature of man. No great poet ever guided a spirit to the portals of heaven by denouncing and spurning the earth. A poet's home is the world; and the world's smiles, and the world's tears, the world's hopes and the world's triumphs are the stirrings of his own internal life. The flowers and the melodies of the earth are the blossoms and the music of his own superior soul. His love is with them, and their beauty and their voices with him, and so the animate and the inanimate have a sympathetic kindred. Out of this philosophy of love Mr. BAILEY speaks of the earth:—

From age to age, from hour to hour, I still  
Have hoped it would grow better—hope so now;  
'Tis better than it once was, and hath more  
Of mind and freedom than it ever had.  
I love it more than ever.

If beauty be the minister which God has appointed to ennoble man, then let the poet lavish his utmost praise on a world so beautiful as ours. That it is so, Mr. BAILEY doubts not, or his pen had never perpetuated beauty by writing the following:—

Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty,  
And by that love they are redeemable;  
For in love and beauty they acknowledge good,  
And good is God—the great necessity.

We believe the beauty born of the mighty universe around us to be what Mr. BAILEY and all other great poets hold it to be, a monitor speaking eternally to the universal heart of mankind. The preacher's voice whispers to him who, amid a life of restless tyranny, pauses to look on the untroubled daisy at his feet. The preacher's voice chaunteth to him who, amidst a life of selfishness, stops and listens to the birds who warble for the general family of man. The preacher's voice thunders to him who, amidst a life of grovelling lust, looks up and hearkens to the sublime dashing of a cataract. The beautiful of forms, and the beautiful of sound, have a mutual influence, without which despots would be more despotic, misers more miserly, and fanatics more fanatical. If *Lear* was "every inch a king," *Festus* is every inch a poet, and he sings with a musical sweetness, like the voice of childhood. Listen!

*Lucifer.* Why love mankind?  
The affections are thy system's weaknesses;  
The wasteful outlets of self-maintenance.  
*Festus.* The wild flower's tendril, proof of feebleness,  
Proves strength; and so we fling our feelings out,

The tendrils of the heart, to bear us up.  
O Earth! how dear to think to tear oneself,  
Even for an hour, from looks like this of thine;  
From features, oh! so fair; to quit for aye  
The luxury of thy side. Why, why art thou  
Thus glorious, and 'twere not to sate the soul,  
And chide us for the senseless dream of Heaven?  
The still strong stream sweeps onward to its end,  
Like one of the great purposes of God;  
Or like, may be, a soul like mine to Him.  
Along yon deep blue vein upon thy bosom,  
Earth! I could float for ever. See it there—  
Winding among its green and smiling isles,  
Like Charity amidst her children dear;  
Or Peace, rejoicing in her olive wreaths,  
And gladdening as she glides along the lands.  
*Lucifer.* And yet all this must end—must pass; drop down  
Oblivion like a pebble in a pit:  
For God shall lay His hand upon the earth,  
And crush it up like a red leaf.

*Festus.* Not he?  
I cannot root the thought, nor hold it firm.  
*Lucifer.* This same sweet world which thou wouldst fondly  
deem

Eternal, may be; which I soon shall see  
Destruction suck back as the tide a shell.  
*Festus.* It will not be yet. I'll woo thee, world, again,  
And revel in thy loveliness and love.  
I have a heart with room for every joy:  
And since we must part sometime, while I may,  
I'll quaff the nectar in thy flowers, and press  
The richest clusters of thy luscious fruit  
Into the cup of my desires. I know  
My years are numbered not in units yet.  
But I cannot live unless I love and am loved;  
Unless I have the young and beautiful  
Bound up like pictures in my book of life.

It is the intensest vanity alone  
Which makes us bear with life. Some seem to live,  
Whose hearts are like those unenlightened stars  
Of the first darkness—lifeless, timeless, useless—  
With nothing but a cold night air about them;  
Not suns—not planets—darkness organized:  
Orbs of a desert darkness: with no soul  
To light its watchfire in the wilderness,  
And civilize the solitude one moment.  
There are such seemingly; but how or why  
They live I know not. This to me is life:  
That if life be a burden, I will join  
To make it but the burden of a song:  
I hate the world's coarse thought. And this is life;  
To watch young beauty's budlike feelings burst  
And load the soul with love;—as that pale flower,  
Which opens at eve, spreads sudden on the dark  
Its yellow bloom, and sinks the air down with sweets.  
Let Heaven take all that's good—Hell all that's foul;  
Leave us the lovely! and we will ask no more.

From revelling on the visible beauty which is ever present to his eye, *Festus* turns to the spiritual beauty of man. He weeps as he gazes into the innermost soul of his brother, to see the seed of wickedness there, but ever and anon he smiles the smile of hope. Not from the keenness of his ideality, but by the truth of his far-sightedness, he sees a flower bursting from bud to bloom, where others see nothing but a weed. In the centre of bad he observes the residence of good. In the midst of a mental chaos he perceives the glimmer of what shall be a mental glory. The sun may be eclipsed, but he knows eclipses are not perpetual. Night spreads its raven wing, but he knows that night is not eternal. *Festus* is a great prophet of the age, who bequeaths faith and energy to the age, by pointing to the illustrious result of faith and energy. He speaks by the philosophy of action—the philosophy by which FRANKLIN and HOWARD gained an immortality from the past, and by which COBDEN and ELIHU BURRITT are gaining it from the present. In the poem of *Festus* there is a wonderful commingling of the loveliness of nature, with all that is lovely in religion and morals, manners and politics. We are presented with a gorgeous picture of what is and what should be, which is partially expressed in the line,

It is time that something should be done for the poor.

In the endeavour to accomplish this something we have seen one Premier who strove to "macadamize the world," give place to another who will attempt no less. But the statesman always lays hold of the skirts of the poet. The statesman's most popular rhetoric is the echo of the poet's outspending heart. The poet is always the first to utter great social and political truths, which, reverberated through the sympathies of society, come at last to test the wisdom congregated round the wool-sack. What might we not expect from *Festus*, after his utterance, "Thank God! I am a man, not a philosopher." What we expect from him is uttered in his sublime prayer, which is all too long for extract, but we will endeavour to universalize truth by selecting a portion of it.

Grant us, O God! that in Thy holy love  
The universal people of the world  
May grow more great and happy every day;  
Mightier, wiser, humbler, too, towards Thee.  
And that all ranks, all classes, callings, states  
Of life, so far as such seem right to Thee,  
May mingle into one like sister trees;  
And so in one stem flourish—that all laws  
And powers of government be based on need  
In good and for the people's sake;—that each  
May feel himself of consequence to all,  
And act as though all saw him;—that the whole  
The mass of every nation may so do  
As is most worthy of the next to God;  
For a whole people's souls, each one worth more  
Than a mere world of matter, make combined  
A something godlike—something like to Thee!  
We pray Thee for the welfare of all men  
Let monarchs who love truth and freedom feel  
The happiness of safety and respect  
From those they rule, and guardianship from Thee.  
Let them remember they are set on thrones  
As representatives, not substitutes  
Of nations, to impend with God and man;  
Let tyrants who hate truth, or fear the free,  
Know that to rule in slavery and error,  
For the mere ends of personal pomp and power,  
Is such a sin as doth deserve a hell  
To itself alone. Let both remember, Lord,  
That mountains issue out of plains, and not  
Plains out of mountains, and so likewise kings  
Are of the people, not the people of kings.  
Equally apt with *Hamlet's* advice to the players, is  
*Festus's* advice to the poets. Mr. BAILEY'S knowledge  
of sterling poetry, and the description of that know-  
ledge, would alone be sufficient to stamp him as a poet.  
What more needful, and what more beautiful and true,  
than the following on the nature of poetry?

*Festus*.—Experience and imagination are  
Mother and sire of song—the harp and hand.  
The bard's aim is to give us thoughts as his art  
Lies in giving them as bright as may be.  
And even when their looks are earthly, still  
If opened, like roses, they may be found  
Full of all sparkling, sparry loveliness.  
They should be wrought, not cast, like tempered steel.  
Burned and cooled, buried again, and cooled again.  
A thought is like a ray of light—complex  
In nature, simple only in effect.  
Words are the notes of thought, and nothing more.  
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.  
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripped,  
And roughly looked over. The dress of words,  
Like to the Roman girl's enticing garb,  
Should let the play of limb be seen through it,  
And the round rising form. A mist of words,  
Like haws round the moon, though they enlarge  
The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less  
Doubly. It is the thought writ down we want,  
Not its effect—not likenesses of likenesses.  
And such descriptions are not more than gloves  
Instead of hands to shake, enough for us.  
*Student*.—But is the power—is poetic inborn,  
Or is it to be gained by art or toil?

*Festus*.—It is underived, except from God; but where  
Strongest, asks most of human care and aid.  
Great bards toil much and most, but most at first,  
Ere they can learn to concentrate the soul  
For hours upon a thought to carry it.

If all written poetry, except *Festus*, was blotted out, in *Festus* there would still remain sufficient thought to rekindle in other poets what was lost. There would be sufficient thought to preserve a nation from falling into the darkness of barbarism. No man can accuse us of flattery; when we have occasion for praise, we praise earnestly and fearlessly. We feel that *Festus* is not sufficiently understood—that Mr. BAILEY is not sufficiently known, although he is the greatest grasper of poetic symbols, and poetic passion, that the age has produced. This is no injustice to the many brilliant poets whose living efforts have centralized, and are still centralizing, the best and noblest feelings which lie scattered at antagonistic points. We acknowledge their worth, their earnestness, their inspiration, and their success; but if imaginative scope, a magnificent fancy, and a power which can mould fancy and imagination into a complete picture, having the lines of a Titian, and the masculine strength of a Michael Angelo, be the proofs of poetic genius, then Mr. BAILEY has no equal among the poets of the age. Who can read *Festus*, and not instantly pronounce it a startling and extraordinary poem? The dreamings of the minstrel, and the wisdom of the philosopher, are here interlaced like star mingling its light with star. Heaven and Hell, Time and Eternity, Love and Hatred, Life and Death, Faith and Despair—all the contraries of human sensation here scowl and sparkle together. *Festus* is a greater poet than CONTARINI FLAMING, because he is more expansive and more expressive. In Mr. BAILEY'S hand, imagery is like a plaything to a child—he flings it around him with a lavish carelessness. All the symbolical kingdom seems as much under Mr. BAILEY'S control as the sunshine and the storm were obedient to the rod of Prospero. His lyrical skill is wonderful, when we consider the grander attainments of his muse; yet the characteristic of the song dwells with him equally with the quality of the drama. The female characters in *Festus* are supremely charged with the ethereal and quick sensibility of womanhood. Each one is a breathing history of her sex. But, the greatest is behind. *Festus*, in his own person, shows the triumph of good over evil. The mortal is victorious, and God is glorified. We have said enough to recommend *Festus*, but not enough to do it justice. A few more extracts will be more welcome to the reader than our explanation of them.

#### MISCELLANEOUS STORMS.

But terror hath a beauty even as mildness;  
And I have felt more pleasure far on earth,  
When, like a lion or a day of battle,  
The storm rose, roared, shook out his shaggy mane,  
And leapt abroad on the world, and lay down red,  
Licking himself to sleep as it got light;  
And in the cataract-like tread of a crowd,  
And its irresistible rush, flooding the green  
As though it came to doon, than e'er I can  
Feel in this fairy orb of shade and shine.  
Floue earth!  
DREAMS.  
*Festus*.—The dead of night; earth seems but securing—  
The soul seems but a something dreaming.  
The bird is dreaming, in its nest,  
Of song, and sky, and loved one's breast;  
The lap-dog dreams, as round he lies,  
In moonshine of his mistress's eyes  
The steed is dreaming, in his stall,  
Of one long breathless leap and fall;  
The hawk hath dreamt him thrice of wings  
While as the skies he may not cleave;  
But waking, feels them clasp, and clings  
Mad to the perch 'twere mad to leave.

The child is dreaming of its toys—  
The murderer of calm home joys—  
The weak are dreaming endless fears—  
The proud of how their pride appears—  
The poor enthusiast who dies—  
Of his life dreams the sacrifice—  
Sees, as enthusiast only can—  
The truth that made him more than man—  
And hears, once more, in visioned trance,  
That voice commanding to advance,  
Where wealth is gained—love, wisdom won,  
Or deeds of anger dared and done—  
The mother dreameth of her child—  
The maid of him who hath beguiled—  
The youth of her he loves too well—  
The good of God—the ill of Hell—  
Who live of death—of life who die—  
The dead of immortality—

COMPOSITION.  
Never be in haste in writing.  
Let that thou utterest be of nature's flow,  
Not art's; a fountain's, not a pump's. But once  
Begin, work thou all things into thy work;  
And set thyself about it, as the sea  
About earth, lashing at it day and night,  
And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it.  
As thorough as the fossil flower in clay.  
The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast,  
Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising;  
Rending the stones, and crying, Resurrection!

MONUMENT TO WARRIORS.  
Here is a statue to some mighty man  
Who beat his name on the drum of the world's ear;  
Till it was stupefied, and, I suppose,  
Not knowing what it was about, reared up  
This marble mockery of mortality,  
Which shall outlive the memory of the man,  
And all like him who water earth with blood,  
And sow with bones, or any good he did;  
As eagles outlive gnats.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.  
*The Pictorial Balladist; and the Pictorial Shakespeare.*—  
Parts IX. of each continue to deserve support by their  
cheapness, and the excellent taste in which they are  
printed and illustrated. *The Balladist* is, in truth, a  
valuable acquisition to our literature. The wood-cuts  
that adorn this are fine specimens of art. *The People's Dictionary of the Bible.*—Parts IX. and  
X. advances from the word "Canaan" to the word  
"Cereemonies." It is the most complete Dictionary of  
the Bible ever published, and should be found in every  
household.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan, with an Account of the  
Seizure and Capture of Jellalabad.* By the Rev. G.  
R. GLEIG, M.A., Principal Chaplain to the Forces.  
8vo. London, 1846. John Murray.

To an accidental meeting of Mr. GLEIG with the 13th  
regiment, at the sea-bathing quarter of Walmer, is at-  
tributed the production of this volume. Repeated con-  
versations with the actors of the brave exploits herein  
chronicled, coupled with the fact that no satisfactory  
narrative of the memorable march from Cabul to Jella-  
labad, through a country every mile of which was fiercely  
contested, determined the reverend author to give a  
succinct account of the movements and accidents of  
SALE's brigade from the period when they quitted Ca-  
bul to that of their relief by General POLLOCK at Jella-  
labad. The accuracy of the particulars given is vouch-  
ed by the journals of the officers engaged in the campaign,  
and by the orderly-books of the 13th regiment, which  
have been freely used. From these, and the statements  
of the officers engaged, the author has compiled a story  
of uncommon interest, the effect of which is heightened

by simplicity of style, and the artless and obviously  
truthful manner in which the incidents are related.

To the future writer of our military history this work  
will be extremely serviceable; for, in addition to the  
adventures encountered and difficulties overcome by  
SALE's brigade, it gives a succinct account of the move-  
ments of the British army from the period when, on a  
false pretence, it entered Afghanistan, to its utter anni-  
hilation in the passes of the Koord Cabul. It is a melan-  
choly story (and one the reverse of complimentary to  
British foresight and prudence), that of the blind fatuity  
with which our civil and military officers, despite of  
minatory symptoms, relied on the good faith and friend-  
liness of the barbarians who surrounded them. Terrible,  
too, was the penalty they paid for this over-confidence—  
though their error was an error on the side of virtue.

Prior to entering upon his narrative of the ope-  
rations of the army, or the diplomatic measures of  
the civil agents, and the political difficulties which  
the latter had to contend with, Mr. GLEIG gives a sum-  
mary history of the Afghans, and describes, at some  
length their manners, mode of life, and the physical  
aspect of the country. From these particulars, as in a  
recent number, we gave sketches of this nature from a  
work on Afghanistan, we only care to extract two or  
three passages, which treat of peculiarities that the  
work lately reviewed did not set forth.

## THE "COMMON LAW" OF THE AFGHANS.

The law of Afghanistan is, in theory, the same with that of  
Mohammedan countries in general—that of the Khoran. In  
practice the people manage their affairs and adjust the  
differences according to Pushtoonwalie, or immemorial  
usage. This it is which adjudges an eye to be given for an  
eye, and a tooth for a tooth; and enables the party wronged  
to avenge himself on a relative, if circumstances prevent him  
from reaching the aggressor in person. Hence revenge be-  
comes, among the Afghans, a point of honour which no man  
may waive except with disgrace, though he may nurse and hide  
the sentiment for many years, till a fit opportunity of making  
a display of it occur. At the same time it is fair to add, that  
if quarrels arise within a clan, the clan uses every endeavour  
to adjust them without bloodshed. Sometimes the chief is  
privileged to interfere, though only as a mediator or adviser.  
Sometimes the council of elders takes the matter up, and com-  
pels a reconciliation, on pain of expulsion: or, lastly, the  
khan, or head of the tribe, may be appealed to, when he not  
only forces the offending party to make restitution, but levies  
upon him a fine for the benefit of the state.

The following is Mr. GLEIG's account of the natu-  
ral history of Afghanistan.

In addition to the wild beasts which thrive among our-  
selves, there are to be found here lions, tigers, panthers,  
hyenas, wolves, and bears. Both the lions and the tigers  
appear to be inferior in point of size and ferocity to those of  
Africa and the plains of the Ganges; but they do considerable  
damage at times to the flocks and herds, and are occasionally,  
though not often, destructive to human life. One breed of  
horses—that reared in the district of Herat—is excellent;  
the rest are for the most part yabooos or ponies, but they are  
exceedingly hardy and sure of foot, and, as well as camels and  
asses, are numerous. There is no lack of cattle, and sheep  
and goats are abundant. We find here, also, dogs, some of  
which, especially the greyhounds, would be highly prized in  
Leicestershire; hawks, trained and untrained, for falconry is a  
favourite sport with the Afghan chiefs; and, as to domestic  
poultry, every species which you meet in England is to be met  
with here. Insects and reptiles likewise abound; but of the  
latter few are dangerous, for all of the serpent kind appear to  
be harmless; and the bite of the centipede and scorpion,  
though it may trouble for awhile, has never been known to  
prove fatal. Finally, the herbage, wherever it finds soil on  
which to grow, is to the eye of a European peculiarly attrac-  
tive, while most of the trees, shrubs, flowers, fruits, grain,  
and grasses, which come to perfection in the temperate regions,  
thrive here, with many which require the suns of a tropical  
climate to mature and bring them to perfection.

The domestic manners, the affections, and hospitality of the Afghan, are thus portrayed:—

The Afghans appear to be a sociable and even a romantic people. The intercourse between the sexes is, with them, on a far better footing than with other tribes which profess the faith of Moslem. Indeed, the Afghan's home deserves to be accounted such, for he shares his hours of leisure pleasantly with his wife and children; and if a guest (not a European) arrive at his dwelling, he leads him, without scruple, into the circle. The consequence is, that the passion of love, as we understand the term, is neither unknown nor unhonoured in Afghanistan. It enters into the subject of almost all the songs and tales which pass current in the country, and exercises no trivial influence at times over the transactions of real life. A love passage between the chieftain of one clan and the wife of the chief of another, led to a long and fierce war between the houses, in the course of which, as both clans had numerous allies, much blood was shed. It is a remarkable fact, also, that some of the most illustrious warriors and princes of this nation have been as much celebrated for their skill in poetry as in arms. Khutal Khan, the chief of the tribe of the Khuttacks, whose resistance to Arungzebe might stand a comparison with that of Sir William Wallace to Edward the First, was the most popular poet of his day, and struck his lyre with excellent effect as often as it was found necessary to reanimate the spirits of his countrymen when depressed by defeat. His songs and odes continue to be in great favour throughout Afghanistan to this day.

The regulations which bind descent and tenure of property, and the social relations of the various classes, are thus stated:—

Of the Afghan tribes, some are agricultural, others pastoral. The agricultural clans possess settled habitations; the pastoral hordes dwell in tents, which they remove from place to place as the desire of obtaining better forage for their flocks and herds may prompt. Five distinct orders of persons find employment and a subsistence in agriculture. These are, first, such owners of the soil as cultivate their own lands, employing for that purpose hired labourers; next, tenants who occupy farms at a fixed rent, either in money or in kind; thirdly, middle-men, or land-stewards, who, applying a stipulated portion of the produce to their own use, manage the whole estate for the owner; fourthly, there are hired labourers—freemen—who, for nine months in the year, engage to serve either a tenant or a landowner, and are remunerated, sometimes by a mixed payment of money, food, and clothing, sometimes by money-wages alone. If the latter arrangement be effected, the labourer receives for his term of service about thirty rupees; if the former, his receipts fluctuate between two maunds and a half of grain with one rupee, and ten maunds with two rupees. Lastly, there are serfs (*adscripti glæbæ*) which go with the land, however frequently it may change its owners.

SIR ROBERT SALE's brigade (consisting of 13th light infantry, and 35th native infantry), having been relieved by the 44th regiment and other corps, was ordered to return to the provinces early in October, 1841. At this period, notwithstanding DOST MOHAMMED AKBAR KHAN was known to be intriguing against the British, and the ill-suppressed insolence, daily increasing, both of the chiefs and population of Ghuznee, Kohistan, and Cabul, so infatuated were SIR WILLIAM MAC NAGHTEN, SIR ALEXANDER BURNES, and General ELPHINSTONE, that "they rejected with disdain all warnings of danger." Indeed, they sought and found abundant excuses for the insurrectionary spirit which now began to shew itself in the Afghans. No overt act of hostility had, however, yet occurred. The very first night however of the advance of SALE's brigade, the 35th native infantry, under Colonel MONTEITH, was attacked; and up to the hour of their relief by General POLLOCK, at Jellalabad, had continually to defend themselves from a brave, active, and treacherous enemy.

Arrived at the first pass they had to clear, the two re-

giments having joined, advanced boldly and cheerfully, on the morning of the 12th, and were soon engaged.

#### A SKIRMISH.

The dawn had made considerable progress, and was merging rapidly into broad day, when, at the appointed signal, the troops moved forward. No opposition met them till they were fairly entangled in the pass; and then, from the rocks and precipices on either side, such a storm of fire opened as told of itself that the heights above were occupied in great force. So skilful, too, were the Afghans in the art of skirmishing, that, except by the flashes which their matchlocks emitted, it was impossible to tell where the marksmen lay. Rocks and stones, some of them hardly larger than a thirteen-inch shell, seemed to afford them excellent shelter. They squatted down, shewing nothing above the crag except the long barrels of their fusils, and the tops of their turbans; and with such unerring aim were their shots thrown, that both in the advanced guard and from the body of the column, men soon began to drop. Then might be seen with what exceeding hardihood British soldiers throw themselves into the teeth of danger, and, by affronting, overcome it. The bugles sounded for the leading companies to extend, and away among the precipices ran the skirmishers; scaling crannies with a steady foot, and returning the fire of the Afghans with great alacrity. Meanwhile the column slackened not its pace for a moment. Onward it pressed, detaching two or three companies as flankers, which mounted the hills on the right and left, and soon became warmly engaged, till by and by the stockade, or breast-work of huge stones, wherewith the enemy had endeavoured to block up the pass, became conspicuous. A gallant rush was made at this work, which, however, the Afghans did not venture to defend; and then Lieut. DAVIES, lashing his horses, went on with his guns at a gallop, and at a gallop passed through. From that time the fire of the enemy began to slacken. Their skirmishers, indeed, had already yielded to the impetuous attack of the leading companies, and the whole now fleeing to the crests of the mountains, whither our men could not follow, gradually melted away, and at last disappeared.

The advance of the brigade after this was daily one of great suffering, and constant harassment from the enemy, who availed themselves of every advantage which the nature of the ground presented, or the wants of the army exposed it to; nightly the soldiers bivouacked in full accoutrements, but withal they were cheerful and hopeful for the future. We have afforded a picture of a skirmish, and a successful one for the British; we now give one less pleasing, that of a retreat. The brigade had been beset by hordes of Afghans in the Vale of Tizeen, and a gallant party of the 13th, under Lieutenant KING, in the eagerness and excitement of pursuit had advanced too far from the main body of the little army.

While the main body thus pushed on, and the rear sustained loss and damage, the skirmishers who covered the line of march from the hill which they had so gallantly carried, were becoming every hour environed by dangers, more formidable than they seem to have anticipated when the morning's work began. Their ammunition grew short, inasmuch that they ceased by degrees to reply to the fire of the enemy, and failed therefore to keep them at a distance. At this unlucky moment likewise, an order, which they do not appear rightly to have understood, arrived to direct them in their retreat. The instructions issued were, that they should withdraw by alternate companies, one descending the hill and passing over to the nearer height, while the other, holding its ground, should keep the Afghans at bay. But either because the message was delivered indistinctly, or that they all felt themselves to be alike useless with empty pouches, the whole force, as soon as the movement was supposed to be sanctioned, began their retreat together. Moreover it soon became, as retreats conducted under similar circumstances invariably do, little better than a race. Away the men ran helter-skelter down the declivity, while the enemy, taking courage from the panic which they believed to have fallen upon the Feringhees, followed close upon their heels. It was to no purpose that Lieutenants Rattray and King called aloud to the men to slacken their

pace, or warned them that the Afghans were closing upon them. They neither paused to shew a front, nor took the smallest pains to keep themselves under cover, but rushed down the descent and over the glen, and reached the opposite rise eagerly. Meanwhile the officers, gathering some eight or ten men about them, took post behind a range of low rocks, and made a shew of resistance: but when the enemy were arrived within twenty yards of the position, the men declared, with one accord, that they had not a cartridge left; and, no longer restrained by the voices of the officers, took to their heels. It was a run for life or death on all sides, and not in all quarters conducted successfully. Lieut. Rattray escaped, his safety being occasioned by a fall from a rock, which might have killed him, but which merely carried him, at the expense of a few bruises, out of the range of the shot, which sang round him like hail. Lieut. King was not so fortunate; an Afghan bullet pierced his heart, and he rolled dead to the bottom of the declivity. He was a gallant and chivalrous young soldier, whom his comrades greatly loved, and over whose untimely fate they mourned with much sincerity. Yet he died a soldier's death; and now that time has in some measure closed up the wound in their spirits, both his relatives and they who saw him fall cannot but find comfort in this remembrance of him.

At length General SALE and his harassed brigade reached Jellalabad, of which, much to the surprise of the inhabitants of the town and surrounding country, who thought the British were "returning to their own polluted country," they took immediate possession, the citizens escaping as they best might, without even a show of resistance. Here, too, they found no repose, for, beleagured by a watchful enemy, they had to build fortifications, and put the place in as effective a state of defence as possible. The narrative of their operations, their fatigues, annoyances, sorties for supplies, or to punish the insolence of the besiegers, is interesting in a high degree, and we regret that space does not permit our indulging in extracts from it as freely as we could wish.

A graphic and touching picture is the following of the escape of Dr. BRYDON, and his reception within the walls of Jellalabad:—

Working parties busied themselves all day long during the 11th and the 12th in digging a ditch round the bastion on the north-west angle of the town, that being the point on which the acting engineer saw that the place was weakest. They were thus engaged, their arms being piled near them, and the cavalry, with horses saddled, ready to gallop forth to their support, when, a little after noon, on the 13th, one of the sentries on that part of the wall which faced Gundamuck and the road from Cabul, called aloud that he saw a mounted man in the distance. In a moment glasses were levelled in this direction, and there, sure enough, could be distinguished, leaning rather than sitting upon a miserable pony, a European, faint, as it seemed, from travel, if not sick, or perhaps wounded. It is impossible to describe the sort of thrill which ran through men's veins as they watched the movements of the stranger. Slowly he approached; and strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that Colonel Dennie foretold the nature of the tidings of which he was the bearer: for it is a fact, which every surviving officer of the 13th will vouch for, that almost from the first Colonel Dennie had boded ill of the force left in Cabul; and that subsequently to the receipt of the earliest intelligence which told of the warfare in which they were engaged, and of the disastrous results to which it led, he repeatedly declared his conviction, that to a man the army would be destroyed. His words were, "You'll see. Not a soul will escape from Cabul except one man; and he will come to tell us that the rest are destroyed." Under such circumstances it is very little to be wondered at, if men's blood curdled while they watched the advance of the solitary horseman; and the voice of Dennie sounded like the response of an oracle, when he exclaimed "Did I not say so? here comes the messenger." Colonel Dennie spoke the truth. An escort of cavalry being sent out to meet the traveller, he was brought in bleeding and faint, and covered with wounds; grasping in his right hand the hilt, and a small fragment of a sword which had broken in the terrible conflict from which he was come.

He proved to be Dr. Brydon, whose escape from the scene of slaughter had been marvellous, and who at the moment believed himself to be, and was regarded by others, as the sole survivor of General Elphinstone's once magnificent little army.

The tale of the disastrous retreat from Cabul, and of the frightful massacre of the ill-commanded troops which set forth upon it, has been told too often, and with too much breadth of detail, to permit a repetition of the narrative here. Enough is done when I state that from the lips of their wounded comrade, as soon as care and wholesome diet had in some degree recovered his strength, the officers of the Jellalabad garrison received an account of all that had befallen, from the fatal blunders which characterised the first endeavours that were made to put down the revolt, up to the signing of the treaty of armistice, and its immediate violation by the Afghan chiefs. Dr. Brydon told how the column set forth, disorganised and cowed at the very beginning of its march; how first the baggage, and by and by the soldiers, were set upon by the enemy that tracked their steps; how they fought their way through the Koord Cabul, some dropping under the fire that was showered upon them from the rocks, others perishing of cold amid the snow which constituted their beds at night. He described the wavering and imbecility of the leaders; the insubordinate conduct of the men; their desperate valour on all occasions, which led, however, to no results, because there was no mind present to direct it wisely; and last of all, the treachery of Akbar Khan, who, enticing the general, with almost all the other officers of rank, into his power, left the wreck of the army without any one to guide it. When matters arrived at this pass there was an end to discipline, to order, and of course to strength. The troops straggled forward by parties as far as Jugdulluck. There, at the end of the narrow ascent, an abatis of prickly pear had been thrown across the road, in their effort to force a way through which multitudes perished. At last, all the sepoy and camp-followers having died, some of cold and fatigue, others by bullets or the sword, a miserable remnant of the 44th regiment, with about forty European officers, arrived in the vicinity of Gundamuck, having marched all night, and fought a battle for the passage of the river. Here it would seem that some of the officers and the men parted company. About twelve, who were better mounted than the rest, rode on with a few cavalry which had survived the march. One by one they dropped off, till six only remained, and these pulled up to rest for a short space at Pettehabad. It was a fatal measure, into which a treacherous show of kindness by the inhabitants lured them: for while they were yet eating the morsel of bread which had been ostentatiously placed before them, a band of ruffians rushed upon them and cut down two. The other four galloped off, and Dr. Brydon, who was the worst mounted of the whole, soon fell into the rear. His heart failed him, as well it might; so he quitted the road, and concealed himself for a while behind some rocks that offered shelter. But here, the thought occurred that to him there was no safety in delay; so he once more turned his jaded pony into the road, and pushed on. He soon came up with the body of one of his friends, which lay in the middle of the path terribly mutilated; and had not proceeded far beyond it ere an Afghan horseman, armed to the teeth, confronted him. There was nothing for it but to offer the best resistance which the wretched weapon by his side, and the jaded state of his starved horse, might enable him to do. He fought for his life, and in the *mélée* his sword broke off by the hilt. Just then he received a wound in the knee, the pain of which caused him to stoop forward; whereupon the Afghan, supposing that he was about to draw a pistol, turned and fled. He rode on, bleeding and weak, yet thankful for the respite from death which had been granted him; and, being soon afterwards espied from the ramparts of Jellalabad, was brought in, as has just been described, to the garrison.

Characteristic of soldiers during a siege is the following circumstance which occurred during a sally of the brigade to clear the neighbouring country of their assailants:—

#### A BRAVE PIPER.

It so happened that the gallant squadron of the 5th were brought into collision with the Janbazees, who had betrayed their trust at Gundamuck; and though the latter offered a stout resistance, they went down like nine-pins before the charge. Meanwhile the infantry, passing through the Cabul gate, advanced towards the hills. They were thronged with

defenders who kept up a heavy, but not very effective, fire; and among them was a piper, who ceased not to play upon his most unmusical instrument, regardless of the shower of balls that whistled past him. As a matter of course, the piper became the subject of many a rude joke among the men of the 13th. They laughed while they took deliberate aim at him, showing, however, this much of respect to his acknowledged bravery, that in honour of him they forthwith denominated the heights "The Piper's Hill." And I do not doubt that a name, which is received during this memorable struggle, the rock still retains, even among the Afghans. It is right to add, that the piper escaped unhurt.

Equally characteristic is this amusing stratagem of the besieged:—a wooden image of a man, dressed in a turban and a long robe, and armed with a sword and a bow, was placed in the front of the fort. The Afghans, seeing this, and supposing it to be a real man, fired at it incessantly, and the British, seeing this, and supposing it to be a real man, fired at it incessantly. At length the officers devised a scheme for drawing off this fire from the men, which proved for a time eminently successful, and occasioned great mirth in the garrison. They dressed up a wooden image, and put a cooked but on its head, painting the face so as to make it resemble, when seen from a distance, an officer of rank; and raising it from time to time above the parapet, drew such a storm of fire towards it; as left the working party free. They would cease it to move backwards and forwards, likewise, as if the general had been reconnoitring, and occasionally let it fall, whereupon a loud shout from the Afghans, shewing a great indignation that they were amusingly pleased with themselves. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the enemy's shout was responded to by peals of laughter from the garrison; but the trick seemed to be discovered at last, and then the effigy was removed.

At last, but not until by a brilliant sortie and decisive victory by the brigade under their gallant and ever-to-be-deplored leader, General SAUNDERS, the besiegers had been driven off, relief came with the army of General POLLOCK; and thus united the British advanced, and avenged amply the massacre of General ELLINGSTON's ill-fated corps, on the barbarians whose treachery had been but too successful.

*Life at the Water-Cure, or, a Month at Malvern.* A Diary. By RICHARD J. LANE, A.R.A. &c. London, 1846. Longman and Co. has been a great deal of time since Mr. LANE, the distinguished lithographer, was some time since become what is popularly termed "nervous;" that is to say, the nervous system had been tasked beyond its powers, and the usual train of symptoms followed. He was incessantly ailing; pains here, pains there, pains everywhere, according to the accident of the disordered impressions conveyed by the nerves to the brain: the spirits declined; the appetite failed; the very senses became deceitful; the mind, the true seat of the disorder, was weakened; reason even was tottering upon her throne; these were tokens of impending paralysis. In brief, Mr. LANE was a thorough valetudinarian, and medicine and doctors had exhausted their efforts to effect his cure.

In this hopeless condition he read Sir E. BOWEN LYTTON's little book on the "Cold Water Cure," and forthwith resolved to try the remedy, which had been found so effective in the case of the baronet. Without delay he hastened to Malvern, entered the establishment of Dr. WILSON, and submitted to the regular course of treatment prescribed by the cold water system. The effects were just such as from the nature of his complaint might have been anticipated. Relieved from the burden of business, the mind speedily gained its elasticity, and the nervous system began again to discharge its functions in a satisfactory manner. One after another the pains passed away; the strength returned; the spirits revived; the mind resumed its powers; the

general health improved, and in a month Mr. LANE returned to his home hale and hearty, with an enormous appetite, high spirits, strength of limb before unknown, an absolute defiance of cold; revived—almost a boy again.

But we cannot concede the credit of this result to the cold-water system. That may or may not be in itself a cure for certain ailments—certainly Mr. LANE's revival is readily accounted for by other agencies. His complaint was a disorder of the nervous system; for that the best, nay, the only cure, is rest and change. If Mr. LANE had sought any healthy spot, having attractions for a pictorial eye, and resided there for a month, forgetting business, observing regularity of hours and mode of life, early to bed and early to rise, taking regular exercise, feeding plentifully on plain diet, substituting water, as a drink, for champagne and claret, he would have found himself as completely restored as now after a course of cold water. This, indeed, is the history of four-fifths of the cures recorded of the system, which has the merit of tempting persons to return to a natural mode of life under pretence of administering within and without a remedy, which differs from most others, in being itself innocuous.

During his month's residence in Dr. WILSON's establishment, Mr. LANE amused himself with keeping a diary, in which he set down, in a plain unaffected manner, the incidents of the day, anecdotes of his fellow patients, and observations of scenery, intermingled occasionally with sentiment and reflections, altogether forming a book, which, even on so unpromising a subject, the artist-author has contrived to render very readable. Mr. LANE, it is evident, has not written from ambition of authorcraft, but rather from the impulse of a full mind, seizing leisure moments to convey its thoughts to others. Of the quality we propose now to offer a few specimens.

Life at Malvern is buoyant from the healthy atmosphere. Water, except as dispensed by heaven, has at least nothing to do with the following:—

Suppose that I look forth in the morning, and confess that I pour, I am immediately sure that it will abate before I have had my bath, that I may be out to see it clear up; and in the meantime I know that the rain is doing some good. When I get out, I have double enjoyment of the raised gravel walk, and the double-soled boots. The "petting" is not "piffles," and I anticipate the treat of retorting upon those who, cold and lazy, come to me and say, "What a wretched morning!"—that it is an unqualified and atrocious falsehood. What is this blessed disposition to be pleased, but the same feeling that makes it enjoyable to rise in the dark, mere of daybreak by the time you are dressed? the clock has told you this; the prospect of an hour of darkness might try the temper. A bath at twilight is delicious, because you know that each moment brings on the dawn. 'Tis the pleasure of anticipation. Either the shortest day has passed, and every night gives way a little—makes one more concession; or, the shortest day will soon arrive, and then—In the mean time, now happy to look forward, and to find that the habit of so doing brings present satisfaction, and is abundantly remunerating. Bad weather! Why, when you have been ten minutes in the air, the glow on the surface makes a light rain delicious, and I take off my hat to it. I see some few riding round the park, and occasionally one or two driving; but so becomforned, and great-coated, and chin-deep in neckcloth that I pity their wretched substitute for the healthy glow of exercise. Rely upon it, that walking is the best exercise, riding second, and driving last; and as to weather before breakfast, any weather is not only endurable, it is enjoyable; we may be fastidious at noon. It is, however, the bath that renders the early walk supremely delightful; without it there is much of effort in the enjoyment—at least with those who are not used to it. There is one trial,—fog, the "cochon d'air" of our island, as I once heard it called. Well, fog is not at early morn suggestive of smoke; and if otherwise flavoured, there remains this true consolation,—the hope that it will clear off; for I cannot

quite agree in this matter of taste with a hackney-coachman, who once said to me, "Lord love you, Sir, I feeds upon the fog!" Again—fog is never, at this elevation, so thick as in the town; and getting to the top of the hill, I look over it to some indication of sunrise; then returning, and passing through it with complacency, I am comforted by the thought that there is no fear of losing myself, as a relation of mine did, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, were he fortunately encountered a poor old woman; and apologising for having almost "brushed noses," said, "Pray, my good woman, can you tell me where I am?" "Law, Sir, why—why, *there* you are!" Then there is the anticipated glow on getting back to breakfast, at double-quick pace, and giving demonstration of Stirling's assertion, that this is far better than shivering at home, or sitting in inglorious ease by the fire. What an accession do I earn of self-respect (not conceit—oh, no!) in braving the elements, and finding myself one of three only in the park at that early hour!

The patients appear to be very frolicsome. Their style each new-comer a "new boy," and play school tricks upon him with as much zest as ever they had shewn on similar occasions at school. An entry or two in the Diary will shew this:

Presently the Doctor came in, and although all was quiet, he confidently accused me of "exerting my lungs, and the rest of 'edging me on,'" and was positively severe. He rather reproached me by quoting my morning's promise to shun all excitement, and it was to little purpose that I assured him "I didn't go to do it," and wasn't at all excited. He said he knew, and I promised that I would be good. But here had evidently been treachery. It was of no use to deny any thing, he was so positive. Presently walked into the room, in his quiet courteous manner, friend George Bradley. What was he rubbing his hands for? He had been telling, it was clear, and was he pluming himself upon it? That was not in his nature. However, we were all crest-fallen, and it was aggravating to see him so pleased. Mrs. Delmour at once attacked him: "You are a sneak! you have been telling of the new boy!" He held up his hands imploringly: "No, no, I didn't tell; I didn't tell; I only ——" "Only what?" interposed one of the gentlemen. "I only spoke of the play, and ——" Then you did tell! Now, what shall be done to him? Shall he be bumped, or sent to Coventry?" "No, anything but that." "I dare say, indeed!" said another; "a new boy comes here, and we like him, and he likes us, and we get up a little quiet fun, and then you walk in and spoil all by going and telling master of him. You are a sneak." Mr. Bradley still affirmed his innocence of any wicked intention, and tried to conciliate; and upon his pleading, "You shouldn't be so hard upon me," the instant reply, "You're another," was deemed conclusive and satisfactory—backed by the usual retort, "You wouldn't like it yourself." And so we parted friends all, and took our chamber-candlesticks.

And this,—and it sets of olden times in a new style,—introduced to "a new boy" who arrived last night. To his kind manners Ned gave a quick response, and walked on with him, leaving me and the Doctor to our talk. The new boy is a fine well-built fellow, about six feet long. He vaulted over the turnpike-gate in splendid style. I propitiated the Doctor upon the fagging question, and got a reprieve. As I had not been distinguished by a situation for the duties of which I had not leisure, I was not personally interested in the question; but with reference to my boy, I argued that the lady who controls his destiny (for the time) is so thoroughly amiable, that she will turn to good account the sway which she has over him. It is the society of ladies that gives the first start in refinement to a boy; and this is rarely effected by sisters or cousins. Something must be said for hereditary transmission. I had a similar fancy when a year younger than Ned, and without the same excuse; and (when I was effectually roused from the disposition to assassinate my tutor, whom I suspected as a rival)—it did me good.

The water system not only cures diseases; it gives heirs to the childless. As this

A very worthy couple past the meridian of life, and who had been married eighteen years, had no children. They had lived an artificial life of much gaiety, and had deemed it necessary

to have a physician in close attendance for ten or twelve years; in spite of which enviable advantage, and the benign influence of the frequent presence of the Doctor, even at the dinner-table, both had gradually, sympathetically and exactly keeping pace (like a true English couple), become seriously ill! Captain Claridge's book was placed (by some designing person) in the hands of the lady, who, true to the attributes of our first mother, gave it to her husband, and they jointly searched among the forbidden leaves. Soon after their return from the water-cure in perfect health, the husband was observed to be retired in his habits, and frequently engaged with a "legal friend," who had usurped the chair at the table formerly occupied by the physician. He was often in close consultation, also, with his wife; and the lady's maid mentioned to her cousin, that she heard the crackling of parchments on such occasions. There were great rejoicings at the birth of the little girl; nor did either parent exhibit the least vexation because she could not inherit the estates, their fortune being large, independent of the castle and the family acres. The nephews and nieces, who are the subjects of this distressing tale, knew that the will in their favour must have been superseded; but, thank Heaven! the estates were yet safe (being entailed, in the event of male not having an "heir male"). Now mark the thorough-going malignity of the water-cure; only qualified by that deliberate and cautious conduct that, "wisely and slow," too surely attains its full purpose. The little girl had scarcely attained the age of twelve months, when, on the anniversary of her very birth-day—she *dear* was born. This was the sure expectation of thirteen children of a highly esteemed M.D. barked, and their prospects nipped ere they had budded—and all this through the avowed agency of the water-cure. Another and another addition was at reasonable intervals made to constitute what may now be called "the family circle" (when the party is assembled at the round breakfast-table); and the habits of hydropathists being the rules of the house, it must be confessed that the children, who have inherited the constitution of their parents, exhibit a formidable array of healthful faces. I may add, that the eldest boy has, at this time, attained an age which qualifies him to advocate the principles in which he has been trained; for, having "detected the lady's maid peeping through the key-hole, and having deliberated, squirted a quantity of ink into her eye, he stated, that he did it to give her an opportunity of trying the water-cure. In the inference which is implied in this tale, let me not be misunderstood; I candidly admit that many people who have never been water-patients have babies. Let any sceptic, who desires to be convinced, go to the Regent's Park on a fine Sunday afternoon, and conviction will flash upon his mind. All that I assert is, that there is a marked and characteristic distinction between water babies and "wing-and-beard" babies; between those who come into the world under the influence of *spirits* mighty to destroy, and the more fortunate whose spongers is the lovely and the faithful Undine.

Perhaps the reader will like to have Mr. LANE's description of

THE DOCTOR'S BATH. I have had my experience of this glorious bath. Every symptom proves that it agrees with me. It was an anxious point with me to take it discreetly—according to the doctor's directions. First on the back between the shoulders, then down the spine, then on the right shoulder, and on the whole of the right side; never on the head, until having received it one full minute. I placed my hands (the fingers interlaced) over my head, and so broke the compact column into a delicious shower of foam. The fall of water is nearly twenty feet from the cistern. A pipe descends about two feet from the cistern, tapering downwards to concentrate the force of the fall. With me the reaction was immediate. On going to the dressing-room I was instantly hot. The attendant (my friend Barton) said that I shone "like a new guinea." Had I any headache? No. Was I giddy? No. Warm? Ah! No! All was perfection! Sterling was in some horror at the glimpse he got of me in the douche. He tried to look, but the spray! He is examining the furniture at the douche baths. In a corner of one dressing-room is a broken chair. What does it mean? A stout lady being alarmed at the great fall from the cistern, to reduce the height, carefully placed

what was a chair, and stood upon it. Down came the column of water—smash went the chair to bits—and down fell the poor lady prostrate. She was better after a week. The force of the water may be conceived from this fact. Last winter a man was being douched, when an icicle that had been formed in the night was dislodged by the first rush of water, and fell on his back. Bardon, seeing the wound and the plentiful bleeding, stopped the douche in alarm; but the douchee had not felt the blow as anything unusual. He had douched daily, and calculated upon such a force as he had experienced. I may have instilled into my description of this glorious bath something to feed the dread of it, which every one feels at first; but let me add that I never asked any one his or her estimate of the douche who did not eulogise it highly. That it is dangerous in certain conditions of body there is no doubt, and the indiscriminate use of it has produced dangerous and even fatal results. Witness the caution of the doctor in my case, and give him credit for far more than you know, for some details are inadmissible which would bear me out. Hear also Sir E. B. Lytton: "Never let the eulogies which many will pass upon the *douche* (the popular bath) tempt you to take it on the sly, unknown to your adviser. The douche is dangerous when the body is unprepared—when the heart is affected—when *apoplexy* may be feared." How I enjoyed mounting the high hill again with Sterling! I never felt such animal exhilaration! He is delighted with Bardon, who, after the morning bath, scratches him horribly with his new sheet (every patient buys a blanket and a pair of coarse sheets), and then says, "Never mind, Sir, you'll soon get used to it;" then goes on polishing away with double energy. Sterling shirks the doctor—gets behind the door when he sees him coming. He becomes Mrs. McClaire's fag, and is very dutiful at breakfast and dinner. Miss Asplin is going away. The doctor has more than once found tarts, and other improprieties and combustibles, concealed in her drawers; and lately saw the warming-pan walking up stairs; but he collared it, and scolded the maid for consenting to help her to such an inflammatory bed-fellow. A warming-pan in a cold water cure establishment! Miss Asplin, for that misdemeanour, was politely requested to return home; such a propensity might be catching, and insubordination must not be allowed to prevail. Moreover she shirks her sittings.

More strange must be the spectacle of

#### THE SITZ BATH.

It is not disagreeable, but very odd, and exhibits the patient in by no means an elegant or dignified attitude. For this bath it is not necessary to undress, the coat only being taken off, and the shirt gathered under the waistcoat, which is buttoned upon it; and when seated in the water, which rises to the waist, a blanket is drawn round and over the shoulders.

Dr. Wilson knows the weak side of an Englishman; so if he provides abundance of water, he purveys liberally in the article of food. This is the fashion of

#### MEALS AT THE WATER-CURE.

Another glass of this exquisite water, and home to breakfast at nine. Several sorts of bread, all in perfection, and excellent butter; bottles of the brightest water, and tumblers, duly arranged on the table; jugs of milk for those who like it, and to whom it is allowed. One jug *smokes*, and the well-known fragrant flavour soon suggests to the nose *tea*! Surely this is irregular, or why the disguise? Why not a teapot! At the head of the table, where the Doctor presides, was the leg of mutton, which I believe is every day's head dish. I forget what Mrs. Wilson dispensed, but it was something savoury, of fish. I saw real cutlets—with bacon, and a companion dish, macaroni—with gravy (a very delicate concoction); potatoes, plain boiled, or mashed and browned; spinach, and other green vegetables. Then followed rice-pudding, tapioca, or some other farinaceous ditto, rhubarb tarts, &c. So much for what I have heard of the miserable diet of water patients. The cooking of all is perfection, and something beyond, in Neddy's [his son's] opinion, for he eats fat! After dinner the ladies did not immediately retire, but made up groups for conversation, both in the dining and withdrawing room. A most happy

arrangement this, which admits the refreshing influence of the society of ladies in such a house.

Among the many personal sketches and recollections introduced, here is one really affecting:—

A sad page in my diary—a death has occurred in the house. Mr. — arrived ten days ago, without notice, having journeyed from Norfolk to London to consult the first physicians. He had cancerous tumours, pronounced by all incurable. As a last resort, he performed with difficulty the journey to Malvern, and arrived at the house in a state which rendered it dangerous to move him to lodgings. The Doctor instantly pronounced his state beyond the reach of human aid, except in palliating suffering, and soothing his few remaining days. He told Mrs. B — that he could not survive ten days. After four days, Mr. B — came to the drawing-room, and cordially shaking hands with all his fellow-patients, thanked God that he was *safe*, and getting well—he was 'sure of it!' His appetite good—he slept well, and was free from all pain. The Doctor was obliged to tell his afflicted wife that this happy change shewed no amelioration of the actual disease, which was surely proceeding to its fatal termination. When, some days after this, it was deemed right to tell the patient of his state, he was with difficulty made to believe it. He had been buoyant with high spirits, and perfectly at ease. His relatives then came around him; and about the tenth day (or, as I believe, on the very day predicted), he has died. The brothers proposed to remove the remains, but the considerate patients would not hear of it. They asked if he would have the funeral at early morning: Dr. W. would not allow secrecy, and it is to take place in the afternoon.

Mr. LANE has set up a cold water apparatus in his own house, and this is the treatment to which he subjects himself, and which, with a little of the disinterested fox's feeling, he recommends to every body else.

Lacking the assistance of a bath-attendant, I have used much more water than generally composes the "shallow bath." Before stepping into it, I wet my head, face, and chest, according to rule; then, with a large sponge filled a dozen times with water, I give my head an excellent shower-bath, while sitting in the water; which, when I lie down, rises above me, and I have a complete immersion. I have towels of coarse huckaback, which are thick and very absorbent, and yet soft in texture (for I believe that to scratch the skin is as injurious as to "currycomb" a horse). Of this towelling I have small bags made, of the size of the hand (the thumb being partly extended), which I use as *polishers*, when the towels have done their work. Gloves of this kind, made of the finer material, are a great luxury in washing. A long rail, three or four inches from the wall, receives the wet sheet after use, to be again soaked at night. My sitz-bath is of the shape now most in use, and foot-bath a rounded oblong 12 inches by 10, and 5 inches deep. The *habitual* use of the foot-bath is a great luxury. Of the sitz I have more to say. Having taken a tumbler full of water on leaving my bed-room, I drink another after the "packing," and a third after the bath; and then, being quickly dressed, I start across the park to Primrose Hill. It is melancholy that the want of a slight effort to break through a bad habit should deprive so many thousands of the luxury of the early morning's walk. The new habit, once formed, is always persisted in, and, to a Londoner, it gives a daily taste of the country. The smoke and filth of the atmosphere have been swept away by the night wind, and before the impurities arise which are engendered by a dense population, we leave the town, and taste untainted air; and while our renewed energies are intent upon the blessings of the new day, in the very enjoyment they are reproduced, as if every object responded to the happy and wholesome excitement. No bad weather deprives me of this walk; nor do I stop to quarrel with the north-east wind, "which, when it bites and blows upon my body," I take thankfully and ask no questions. I have much to think of in these early walks, and therefore do not seek variety beyond that which ever-changing nature presents. I like the *monotonous* route; in which I accomplish many desirable points. I get away from the town, where they are shaking the mats and dusting the doorways; from those architectural monsters, miscalled terraces, that skirt the

park; whose false face conceals the honest brick, and in which the same staring, unblushing material, in vile mimicry of stone, and tortured into incongruous and unseemly shapes, glared hideously from every side—lordling over the green grass, before the trees had come to an age to speak for themselves, until the very bricklayers gave the place the nickname of "Compo-Park."

#### Revelations of Austria. By M. KUBRAKIEWICZ.

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

THE Austrian army is recruited by conscription. A military commission is issued yearly, before whom all males above the age of seventeen are obliged to present themselves. Fathers of families are compelled to state the names and ages of their children. The number of recruits from each district is then apportioned by the government, and a night is secretly appointed for

THE PRESS GANG.

The evening of the night fixed upon, the burgomasters and lords summon all the police agents, spies, employés, police soldiers, and often soldiers of the regular army, and at midnight, when everybody is asleep, the recruiters, divided into several bands, disperse, surround the houses, and break open the doors, and if they are not directly opened, carry away the men discovered, tie them with cords and bear them off to prison. The recruiters are furnished with sledge hammers to break open the doors, with bludgeons to strike their prey if it should make any resistance or attempt to defend itself. According to the befehl, or command of 1828, only the men of from ten to thirty are subject to the military service in a time of peace. During a period of war men are drawn up to the age of fifty years. The victims are carried to the office of the circle, where a mixed commission, composed of a commissary of the circle, two military officers, and a doctor of the regiment, measure, examine, and only select the finest, most robust, and youngest. Notwithstanding that the number of recruits is fixed, the burgomasters and lords are obliged to present before the commission all married or unmarried men up to the age of thirty years, because the commission has a right to choose, and they cannot know before hand how many will buy themselves out of the service, for it is permitted in time of peace to pay 300 florins (30l.) to the Kaiser, who alone has the right to find substitutes, which he does by impressing other young men who cannot pay the ransom money. The right of carrying off the recruits is truly a St. Bartholomew's night. During days succeeding this night nothing is heard in the houses, streets, and roads but the sobs and lamentations of mothers, fathers, wives, and children, who follow in cars the Imperial Sbriri who are leading away their children, husbands, and fathers. Their lamentations are not surprising—the conscripts are then carried into a foreign country, into Germany, Italy, or Hungary.

To evade this dreadful service, children are often mutilated by their parents. The object of Austria is the destruction of the native Poles, and this diabolical policy is carried on with unrelenting severity.

The military punishments are, flogging and death. When we exclaim against the cruelty of other countries, we ought to look at home. Perhaps Austria might find a rival in England for

#### MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.

The punishment takes place in the middle of a public place during market or fair time, and with a prescribed ceremony. Firstly, the culprit carries the bench himself, places himself before the company, and lays himself on this bench at the command of the officer. Secondly, two corporals are ordered out of the ranks, and place themselves one to the right and one to the left of the extended landsknecht. They examine whether his thighs are covered with anything more than drawers, and proceed to execution. At the word of command, the corporal at the left of the criminal strikes the first blow, and one or two minutes after the corporal on the right, alternately; after each blow they wait at least a minute or two, in order that the culprit may have time to feel and suffer, and that the thighs may swell and bleed; the officers of the

company superintend the execution, and cry "strike well" (hau zu). The execution lasts about three quarters of an hour. After the twentieth blow, strips of the drawers and thighs are often seen to fall. Formerly they struck on the cloth trowsers that the soldiers wear; but the Kaiser Francis, called by the Germans the father of his country (Landesvater), ordered them to strike on the drawers by way of "economising the trowsers, and that the blows should be better felt." Public decency will not allow them to strike on the naked back. The unfortunates generally put a piece of linen into their mouths, otherwise the convulsive motion of the jaws and the grinding of the teeth makes them bite their tongues and break their teeth. The punishment, once pronounced, is never rescinded. The Germans are cold and inexorable. If sometimes the criminal expires before the last blow, they continue to strike the body until the number of blows prescribed are given. The Austrian system exacts this severity. After the execution, the punished individual rises, drags himself to the commanding officer, bows himself to the ground, thanking him in these words: "receive thanks" (habe dank); he then takes the bench on his shoulders and carries it back. All punishments take place publicly, to intimidate the people.

#### And again,

Desertion and other serious offences are punished by running the gauntlet. The soldier condemned by a court martial to this punishment is stripped to the hips, and compelled to pass and repass ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty times, through one or several battalions of infantry, ranged in two lines face to face; the space between the two lines is three or four paces broad. Each soldier, furnished with a willow stick, strikes the culprit as he passes, with his whole might, on the bare back. As a precautionary measure the soldiers are furnished with several sticks in case of their breaking. If the unfortunate faints and cannot any longer proceed, he is then laid on a bench, and the soldiers passing and repassing at the ordinary step strike him as he lies. If he dies under the blows, which often happens, (as I personally witnessed in 1808 and 1809) they strike the body until the number of blows are completed. After passing a few times the length of a battalion, composed of from eight hundred to a thousand men, the flesh of the back falls off in pieces and very often the entrails protrude through the lacerated sides. During the execution, the colonel and major, both on horseback, ride along the two lines betwixt which the criminal is passing, and cry aloud, "Strike well!" (hau zu). The soldiers who miss a blow or do not strike with all their strength, themselves receive the bastinado. This punishment of running the gauntlet, called in German Spitzruthen, is particularly painful and dangerous to life in winter, with the temperature ten, fifteen, or twenty degrees below freezing point because then the blood with which the sticks become covered coagulates on them and makes them hard and cutting as glass.

The government enjoys a monopoly of public conveyances. A ruinous penalty is imposed upon any person conveying travellers on a high road. The charges of the government vehicles are enormous, and they are a source of immense profit.

The Kaiser issues paper money, and that, too, is made a means for swelling his private chest. Various contrivances are resorted to for enhancing the gains of this sort of traffic. Thus, he refuses to pay any note from which the smallest particle is torn: this fraud alone must be a revenue.

The following is almost too monstrous for credence:

Attached to each circle is a doctor (*kries physik*) paid by government at the rate of eight hundred florins a year. His professed duty is gratuitously to attend the sick peasants. These peasants, who in the spring live only on herbs and roots, are attacked by fever. Instead of giving them bread, or rather instead of depriving them of it, the doctor, who receives his secret instruction from the Gubernium, orders a decoction of herbs, which carries off the peasantry in masses. In each chief place of the circle there is a privileged pharmacy, which bears the title of kayserial pharmacy. All physicians and apothecaries of the circles are of German origin and, for the most part, birth. They take an oath of fidelity and secrecy to the government. The Austrian government is master

of the art of all kinds of poisoning, and no people lend themselves with more *ang froid*, devotion, and fidelity to similar crimes than the Austrian Germans.

If the above be a true picture of the government by Austria of its Gallician territories, the recent insurrection is explained: It was the revolt of violated humanity, and hence its extent, its intensity, and its implacability. These revolutions shew, too, how it was that the first fury of the peasantry was turned against the nobles and landowners. They are the tools of the tyrant. In an appendix the author details some curious particulars of the Cossack Insurrection, which was imitated in Galicia. The cruelties perpetrated were hideous—but such as despotism always teaches to its victims. Men are what others make them. Treat them as brutes, they will act brutally. Treat them with respect and confidence, and they will feel like men, and seek to deserve your esteem. This is a golden rule of government only just beginning to be understood by rulers.

These wretches amused themselves in hanging to the same gallows a nobleman, monk, Jew, and dog, with the inscription—"they are all one." There was seen hanging to the same gallows, a mother, surrounded by her four children. One of these bands buried alive, near each other, several hundred men, with their heads above the earth, which they subsequently mowed down like the grass of the field. They ripped open the bowels of pregnant women, and tearing out the children, replaced them by dead cats. Some of those guilty of these crimes were hardly ten years of age; they were urged to these murders by their fathers, who kept the hands of the unfortunate victims tied behind their backs, whilst they exercised the children in murdering, poniarding, and making their victims suffer slow deaths. If an unknown person fell into their hands, and they suspected him of disguising his truth or religion, they forced him to massacre with his own hands noblemen and priests. All that could escape fled. Nothing was to be met with in the villages but murdered women and children crushed under horses' hoofs. An unfortunate escaping from this carnage crossed villages, the wells of which were filled with children's bodies. Three towns, fifty burghs, and several thousand houses, spread over the country, were burnt.

The author relates some curious anecdotes of the treatment STANISLAW, the last king of Poland, received from the Emperor PAUL.

Paul had the body of the unfortunate king of Poland buried in the same church, and he came himself to superintend the preparations for the obsequies. An upholsterer, decorating the vaults, at the top of a ladder, in waistcoat and trousers, in order to work more easily, happened to catch his eye. Paul, deeming that it was a Frenchman named Leroux, ordered him to descend, and had the bastinado administered to him in the midst of the church. To the anecdote which Mason has preserved we will add a few others more facetious, which happened on the occasion of the funeral. As Stanislas Augustus was an ex-king, who had abdicated his crown, the Emperor Paul thought proper to re-instate him on his throne. He had his mortal remains dressed out in a royal mantle, and himself placed a crown on the head of the deceased. In this manner he replaced him on the throne, and re-crowned him king, as the Russians in their rites re-baptise the bodies of the unorthodox before burying them in their churchyards. After this first ceremony, the Poles present, and the Russians, of the court were called upon to kiss the hand of the royal corpse. The body remained some time deposited in the palace. When the religious ceremonies began, having asked what rites were practised at the death of the Bourbon Kings of France, Paul learnt that the royal family had a right to share certain ecclesiastical honours with the priests. He wished to know them, in order to render personally this testimony to the King, his brother, without at the same time wounding Russian orthodoxy. In consequence, he and the two Grand Dukes, Nicholas, Alexander and Constantine, and the Catholic priests, incensed and sprinkled with holy water, the body lying in its coffin in the middle of the palace. Paul then followed the funeral procession to the door of the Catholic Church, where he did not

enter, being of another faith; but wishing to make this spectacle more showy he had new vestments, and a richer archiepiscopal mitre made, of which he himself furnished the design, and according to his orders, his imperial cipher was (which resembled a gibbet) placed in front of the mitre instead of the cross, and the Archbishop Sistrzencevich, his head covered with the mitred galls, and the crozier in hand, marched like an imperial grenadier, to the great satisfaction of this Emperor Paul.

With this we conclude our notice of a work which contains a great deal that will be new to the English reader, and hence the unusual length at which we have treated it.

*Knight's Weekly Volumes*, Vols. CI. to CV.

Knight and Co.

*Knight's Monthly Volume*, Vol. I. Knight and Co.

The reader will learn with regret that the weekly volumes are brought to a close, and that instead of the frequent arrival of these excellent and instructive works, they will henceforth make their appearance only monthly. The volumes that have issued since our last report upon them are as interesting as any that have preceded, and increase the regret we feel at the change. As before, we briefly record their subject-matters.

Vol. CI. is a reprint of that most entertaining account of the Backwoods of Canada, written by an officer's lady, which some few years since attracted so much attention, and was greedily read. A reperusal has served only to give it additional favour in our eyes. We heartily and confidently recommend it to all who may not yet have enjoyed the pleasure of an acquaintance with its charming pages. It has more than the interest of a romance, with the utility of truth.

Vol. CII. is the 8th of the *Cabinet Portrait Gallery of British Worthies*, a collection of biographies that will delight the family circle.

Vols. CIII. to CV. is a reprint of Mr. LANE's *Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, the worth of which may be estimated by the fact that it has been esteemed as the highest authority on all matters relating to the country and people of which it treats. Mr. LANE having been a resident for many years. It is, moreover, profusely illustrated with wood-cuts.

The first of the monthly volumes is an account of the *Popular Customs, Sports, and Recollections of the South of Italy*, by CHARLES MAC FARLANE, which has claims for a longer notice than can be given in this place, and we purpose, therefore, to give it a more conspicuous and elaborate review in the department devoted to *Voyages and Travels*.

**JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.**

*La Quittance du Maudit*, par PAUL FEVAL; *Midnight*

*Retribution*, by PAUL FEVAL, 1846.

THE works of M. PAUL FEVAL, author of the "Mystères de Londres," "Le Fils du Diable," and other equally strange-titled novels are not wholly unknown to English readers. He has already established a character among those authors who are fond of attempting what is utterly beyond them, and of describing scenes and circumstances which they have clearly never witnessed. Relying on imagination, he has nothing to take the place of fact, and the result is a compound of insipidity appearing in four or five volumes, which no one who knew what to expect, would ever have the insanity to look into. For ourselves, three volumes not much more than half were as much as we could accomplish of the work before us. With all benevolence we counsel our friends against even that much. The "Mystères de Londres" were of themselves sufficient to prove to M. FEVAL that he had

better not attempt portraying matters he could never master; but not thoroughly convinced of this, he makes one more determined effort, and resolves that Irish, not English matters, shall be the next subject of his fanciful disquisitions. We said PAUL FEVAL had no imagination. It was an error. He imagines more than even the varieties of the Green Isle can furnish as fact. His hero is one of eight sons, who are each and all involved in the movements of the ribbon men. This was necessary to romance; but the interest would have been further carried out had this hero, this leading spirit, borne within him one little touch of nature. He is the child of a poor farmer, cultivates his farm of eight acres, cultivates his mind also, so far as constant allusions to popular poets and distinguished characters of antique Irish history would imply it, indulges in profound reflections on things in general, has a remarkable capacity for running up to London whenever occasion demands, without much explanation as to how his journey was accomplished, is chiefly distinguished by wearing a huge red cloak, and speaking beneath its folds in a deep voice, when he happens to be least expected, and is, in short, as good a specimen of the genus Impossible, as low French literature can furnish.

It is difficult to glance over these absurd volumes with an unmoved countenance; they are not worth indignation, and Heaven knows, they are not humorous. Not that the writer avoids attempting the comic; far from it; there is no style here unattempted, but the effect is unfortunately not that which he anticipated. What is to be said, when the heroine, or rather one of the many heroines, for there are several, each possessing claims to that designation, so far as falling in love with the hero, and being in frequent dramatic situations, can be said to give claims thereto—what is to be said, we repeat, when one of these damsels scours the country round, attired in white muslin, and a scarlet cloak? The adopted child of a labouring man, she lays claim to direct descent from a royal family, and in consequence thereof, is commonly saluted by the appellation of "The Heiress," or "The noble Ellen." The noble Ellen irritates an adopted brother, by slighting him for a Captain of Dragoons, a man who is represented as the very impersonation of military honour; represented in such fashion, that no one but the "Noble heiress" would care one straw for him. Another damsel, by name Jessy, the betrothed of the hero, MacDiarmid, is carried off in mediæval style, by a Lord Montrath. The eight brethren, headed by their old father, accompanied by the "Heiress," leave their eight acres, without a moment's hesitation, embark on board the first steamer, and find themselves in London, ready to revenge the honour of Jessy. My Lord Montrath owns a villa on the banks of the Thames, at Richmond. The eight brethren gaze revengefully upon it, take their opportunity, and walk in one fine morning to compel his lordship to marry the unfortunate Jessy, to whom, it afterwards appears, he had been honourably indifferent. My lord promises, and the brethren retire, all but the eldest, MacDiarmid, Jessy's lover, who lingers in the neighbourhood, while his family and "the noble Ellen" after this accomplishment of their mission sail back to Ireland. The banks of the Thames at Richmond are not exactly the most retired and appropriate spots in this age, 1846, which could have been chosen for a quiet assassination. Nevertheless, Mr. Feval selects it as the scene for an armed attack on the hero, at the instigation of Lord Montrath. The hero escapes unharmed, owing to the fortunate appearance of Captain Percy, who, as fellow passenger of the white-robed heiress, had heard them murmur the word "Richmond," and with all a lover's speculation, had rushed impetuously from an audience

with Sir ROBERT PEEL to the chance of seeing the "noble Ellen" somewhere in that direction. The lady, however, merely visited England for an hour or so, and had already departed hence, when her admirer arrived in time to preserve the life of her brother. The brother, of course, is properly grateful, while the Captain, after disarming the villains, utters not a word, but bows politely and disappears. Absurdities of this kind are richly interlarded with what the author seems to regard as Irish exclamations; why, then, not make them *apropos*? Does the Irishman use "Mayourneen, Ma-bouchal," by way of oath? This, however, is Mr. Feval's impression of Irish conversation. From follies of this nature the careful reader would be relieved by a series of lengthy political discussions, wherein the author's views of Irish politics are, of course, apparent, but which we, perhaps unjustifiably, dismissed with a glance. A somewhat peculiar view is taken of HER MAJESTY's interest in DANIEL O'CONNELL; Sir ROBERT PEEL is likewise examined; and the result is, a jumble of rubbish in perfect consistency with the view of social life the book presents. An English family is forcibly dragged on the theatre, and found to be more amusing than the writer meant it to be, by his fantastic ideas of London bourgeois life. Any one might know that rich citizens do not reside in Fleet-street, or "Poultry," as M. FEVAL styles that region. But there it is he plants his wealthy family, and no argument probably will convince him he is in the wrong.

The peasant girl Jessy is, of course, highly educated. She writes the most brilliant dramatic descriptions of her sufferings, when carried off by Lord Montrath, such as would charn the least melodramatic heart. She writes them on linen with an ink of her own composition, when confined in a dim vault, almost under the very eye of her ubiquitous lover, and sends them forth rolled up in the bread she is given to eat. Her recital is beyond everything affecting.

One evening, she says, Lord George said to me, "You are my wife—I detest you, and I will kill you." He departed for London, leaving me alone with the English servant. Month passed. I wrote home letters, which were my only happiness. I wrote long details, for I knew you would see them. I did not complain—why should I? Lord George had promised that he would kill me: so I waited.

All this is doubtless intended to rend our very heart-strings; it does nothing of the kind. Neither can we trace much reality in the character of the evil agent of the drama, Mary Wood, the drunkard, who is described as travelling in court costume, covered with pearls and diamonds, &c. &c. &c. Such an outrageous compound of ignorance and folly it has rarely been our lot to meet bound up in printed volumes. Throughout so much scribbling, it would be mournful if the author could not stumble upon some point or other where a little power might be displayed without turning us away in disgust at the bombastic inflation of style, or the profound intensity of bathos; we will, therefore, select a passage that will speak for our author in his very best light; any faults that are in this apparent may be multiplied tenfold, and added to others to form a just estimate of the tone of the other parts. At first, indeed, we have mere local descriptions, which a little common sense could not fail to make intelligible. The bog here described has been chosen by the Ribbonmen as that best adapted for their destruction of the hated dragoons, at the head of whom is the above-named Major Percy Morning.

The bog of Clane Galway lies at the east of the little town of that name, between Corbally and Oconnore. The town of the bog, bordered by cultivated ground and woods of oak, separates it completely from the great forests which, encircle

Tuam, cover Mayo, and extend as far as the mountains of Sligo. The bog of Clare-Galway does not present quite the same aspect as the neighbouring marshes, but for that very reason it threatens the traveller with more imminent dangers. From the small hills which surround lake Corrib, it presents the aspect of a low thick copse—an immense plain of reddish green—a gigantic carpet, without fold or stain. Descending gradually, the appearance of the bog becomes sensibly modified. The apparent copse is a series of low mounds, on which grow the bog-pines; between these mounds, sometimes islands, sometimes peninsulas, extend the muddy swampy waters, often stretching to distances impossible to cross without aid. Throughout other bogs there are, for the most part, narrow tongues of ground, winding about with sufficient regularity to permit of your path being pursued without coming perpetually to a full stop. Here, on the contrary, you have no sort of guide to help you across; every moment you reach the point of a little promontory, beyond which there is nothing, nothing indeed but the unfathomable deep. Of necessity one is compelled to follow the rough paths already traced, and the roads of wood formed by the country people across the least practicable parts of the swamp. The straight road from Tuam to Galway, passes directly through this bog. The chief road of planks which you see there, forms part of it. It is almost a mile in length, and only a few feet in width.

There is one point in crossing this perilous path, where the stoutest traveller must feel his heart sink within him. The road, which all along rests here and there upon *terra firma*, has in this spot no support but what is afforded by the trunks of trees, thrown at certain distances upon the bog, which is here liquid as mortar. The mud lake is formed by the little stream called the Doon, which rises towards county Roscommon, and throws itself into Lake Corrib. Compelled to cross the flat ground of the bogs, the bed of the stream enlarges itself beyond measure; the current disappears; and we see but little narrow threads of water, struggling to gain a passage through the moistened soil. Beyond the bog, the stream runs between two ridges, scarcely three feet wide; while there, it stretches out to a distance of several hundred feet. In this spot the road of planks trembles beneath the slightest weight; the good people of the country assert that the trunks of the trees render it more solid and safe than any where else; but it is a frightful thing to see the moving pathway waving and shaking above this muddy precipice.

Some hours after the tumultuous meeting held at the Ranach point, a considerable number of peasants, armed with pick-axes and saws, might have been seen directing their steps towards the Doon. They came from all directions, but by far the greater number turned their backs upon Lake Corrib. They assembled on a rising ground, and there held a sort of council. None of them seemed well assured of their purpose; they looked right and left, as if they feared to be surprised; their tools seemed to embarrass them; they evidently wished the sun to shine less, and the fog to thicken. Nevertheless, after a short deliberation, during which ten or twelve persons, armed with muskets, performed the part of orators, the indecision appeared to vanish. Several of the party, who wore buck horns round their necks, detached themselves from the principal group, and separated in various directions. They could be seen advancing cautiously, leaping here and there over the narrow gaps of slime and mud, and finally concealing themselves in the thickets of bog-pine. Some stationed themselves without, others within the course of the Doon. They were, in fact, sentinels charged to watch over the most dangerous passage. The principal group then descended from the hillock, and advanced, as directly as the difficulties of the ground would permit, towards the Doon. Here, having reached the planks, those who held muskets assumed the office of guard to the others, who at once proceeded to their labour. In a few moments nothing was heard on all sides but the noise and grating of saws, or the harsh sound of the axe, upon the large planks of the road.

It was indeed hard toil. The thick planks lay for the most part flat upon the moistened soil, where the saw could not act; on the other hand, the horns of the sentinels resounded every moment, announcing the approach of a suspected witness; and then they must stop and wait. But the witness was always a countryman, who either obeyed quietly the de-

sire of the sentinels, to pass round, or otherwise entered heart and soul into the feelings of the mass, and proceeded to join in their labour.

Again the saw grated against the wood, and the hatchets struck on all sides. For another hour they worked on with discordant noise, until the buck-horn sounded the alarm. The fog had now risen, the sun shone full and clear in the heavens. The planks had been cut through at regular distances, in such a manner as to balance them exactly on the trunks of trees beneath them. Mahony mounted on the trunk of a tree which stretched beyond the road; he set his foot upon the plank, and the weight caused it to turn slowly round. A general exclamation hailed this proof of success. A moment after, the passage presented its accustomed aspect; and nothing could have been discovered that would betray the deceit. The bog resumed its ordinary air of solitude and desertion; far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen. Only, from time to time, the stunted branches of some cluster of bog-pine were suddenly agitated, though no wind stirred across the marsh; and indistinct murmur was to be distinguished, while now and then, behind the red-green branches, there came a sound of stifled laughter.

Some time after the dragoons, the objects of so much animosity, leave Tuam, and ride direct towards the fatal ambuscade, on their return to Galway.

The horses felt the spur, and their heavy steps resounded on the moving planks. The column hurried on impetuously towards the fatal spot. The bog, as usual, bore the appearance of deep solitude; not a living being was to be seen on the vast expanse of verdure; only far, far off, on the side of Lake Corrib, an almost imperceptible point, of reddish colour, seemed gradually advancing. The dragoons perhaps perceived it; but at that distance it was impossible to distinguish either its form or colour. For two moments more, perhaps, the gallop of the horses sounded on the solid wood. Then the two first horses stumbled simultaneously. The spurs of their riders gave them another impulse; they dashed forward, stumbling again, until the ground began to fail beneath their feet. Those who followed experienced the same effects; and as the first, in consequence of the impulse given, had leaped over a considerable space, it happened that every one of the dragoons had fallen into the snare. The soil now reached the girths of the horses, while the poor animals struggled, violently panting, in the midst of this ocean of mud. Slowly they descended, their very efforts only hastening their destruction. For a second or two it was a scene of frightful tumult; the groans and cries increasing, mingled with impotent blasphemies. The greater number of soldiers had fallen beyond the road, which, however, now presented a series of chasms large enough to swallow up both man and horse. At the first moment the danger did not appear to them in its veritable aspect; they imagined themselves simply entangled, and, at the utmost, merely feared the chances of an attack in their unfavourable position. But presently they perceived that the horses were sinking deeper and deeper; the moist soil now touched the saddle. The outcries ceased; a dead silence succeeded.

"Hang on to the trees!" cried Mortimer, whom an accidental turn of the horse had thrown at some distance from the road. He was still in the saddle, and in the midst of all this fearful danger, his pale countenance retained its expression of cold calmness.

"Hang on to the trunks of the trees!" repeated a hundred jeering voices, seemingly from the neighbouring bushes. Then came a long burst of laughter, followed once more by the same dread silence. Deeper and deeper plunged the horses, the saddles had almost disappeared, and the dragoons supported themselves by kneeling on the backs of their steeds. In the distance, in the direction of the lakes, the red point, before noticed, enlarged and advanced rapidly. The dragoons cried, "Help! help!" The jeering voices repeated, "Help! help!" and every time a groan or cry arose from the scene of destruction, an echo came from the thickets near. It was, indeed, but one un pitying echo that answered to their death cries. To the cries succeeded threats. The soldiers armed their pistols. "Fire!" exclaimed a voice from the thickets. The exasperated soldiers did indeed fire. There was a slight noise, the damp prevented any effect. The laughter resounded from all sides; while the heads of those from whom it came, now confident

in the impotence of the dragoons, were to be discerned above and between the foliage. Every little thicket concealed a group. There were men, women, and even children. \* \* \* Deeper and deeper sunk the soldiers; their destruction came upon them with sure and steady steps. The horses could not swim in the thick mass, they struggled hard, but deeper and deeper they sank down, and now the mud joined above the saddles; the feet of the standing soldiers were covered also. Some few had contrived to hang on to the trunks of the trees, thus securing themselves a momentary refuge; but for the others, every effort was useless, on the contrary, only hastened the fatal moment. Death they must expect. Major Percy, thrown at a greater distance from the road, was at the same time nearer to one of the surrounding tongues of land; his horse had seemingly found footing in the lake of slime, for he no longer sank; and his efforts, by an imperceptible motion, approached him nearer and nearer to the firm land. The major appeared not to perceive this chance of safety; the agony around him had vanquished his cold courage. Meanwhile the bog rose higher, to the knees of the agonized dragoons; some prayed aloud, others gave way to vain and ridiculous threats, and others still continued crying for help. To their prayers, their threats, their entreaties, the Ribbon-men answered only by relentless jering. There was no gleam of compassion among them. Even this frightful destruction of life seemed insufficient to satisfy their thirst for vengeance.

Meanwhile the red point in the distance had assumed a definite form, and appeared now to be advancing like a whirlwind; it was the form of a woman on horseback, running rapidly along the bog, and holding by the bridle another horse, which galloped beside her. She held a switch in her right hand, and urged on her pony without ceasing. "Here comes a good woman," said one of them, "who wants to have a share in the sight. Come on, my dear, it's not too late. At the pace you come, there'll still be something to see."

The Red Mantle seemed not to need these sounds of encouragement; the pony advanced rapidly foaming at the nostrils. She seemed literally to devour the space beneath her.

Already those unfortunate wretches who had not clung to the trees, had sunk to the waist in the bog; this lingering death, against which there was no appeal, no contention, appeared absolutely to render them idiotic; they flung their arms wildly in the air, uttering frantic cries. Some few, becoming dizzy, flung themselves precipitately in the mire, and struggled to swim through it. But the bog received them, and slowly, gradually swallowed them up. At the sight of the mire closing above these doomed men, one after the other, the voices behind the thickets uttered maddening hurrahs.

At this moment the Red Mantle passed beside the groups collected on the little rising ground. "Come," said Macduff, "come with us!" The Red Mantle darted past like an arrow, at the distance of a few feet, and made no reply. The fallen hood concealed her face; she continued her way towards the road. Major Mortimer, recalled to self-consciousness by the convulsive movements of his horse, which was gradually releasing itself from the surrounding bog, had at this instant cast a look around and perceived the main land within his reach. For the first time the instinct of self-preservation, the most powerful in the heart of man, prevailed over every other thought. He rose in his saddle; at this moment the Red Mantle arrived at the tongue of land facing him. She stopped short. "Push him in," cried Macduff; "take care he does not escape!" The Red Mantle dismounted slowly and forced one pony into the mire. Then by voice and gesture she called Mortimer. He, leaving the back of his horse, leaped upon the pony, which, by a slight effort, succeeded in bounding on the firm soil. The furious crowd behind the thickets rushed forward on the instant, and advanced to the very edge of the Doon. Beyond that it was impossible to take a step. "Fire! Fire!" cried several voices. "It's a man disguised. Fire!" They agitated themselves like madmen. One half their vengeance would escape them, and that the better half. Four or five of the guns were fired off, but without effect. Once safe, the major turned the head of his pony towards the broken road. The Red Mantle was now in the other saddle. She threw her arms round the major, who had but one hand to

resist this embrace; she whispered to the ponies, and they darted off like the winds. From the angry crowd there came a long cry of rage and fury. The fugitives flew on in the windings of the bog, still clinging one to the other. "Fire! Fire!" cried they; "one ball will do for the two." Jermyn alone had his musket still loaded. He put his hand on the lock. A cloud of smoke, and then followed a low echo from the hills around. The flying couple seemed to tremble together in one mutual shock. The wind raised the corner of the red hood; the gun fell from Jermyn's hand; he flung himself on his knees, and with a deep groan murmured the name of Ellen. The crowd around howled and yelled in triumph.

This is one among the few readable parts of this lengthy, trashy novel. As such we have presented it to our readers, who may find in it some little interest. For the rest, we cannot recommend the *Quittance de Minnit* even to the idlest of the idle.

#### JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*Life in California, during a Residence of several years in that Territory; comprising a Description of the Country and of the Missionary Establishments, with Incidents, Observations, &c. &c. By an American. To which is added, A Historical Account of the Origin, Customs, and Traditions of the Indians of Alta-California: translated from the original Spanish Manuscript. Wiley and Putnam.*

OUR American quitted Boston in the year 1828, in the character of a factor at the coast of California, where he remained for more than twelve years. During his residence he made divers excursions along the coast and into the interior, taking notes of whatever he saw of novelty in the aspect of the country and the manners and characters of the people. These are not of much substance, to be sure, but they have the aspect of truth, so far as they go; but like Mr. Thompson, in his "Mexico," the author of this volume betrays the tendency of the American mind to extension of territory. Hints continually fall from him which shew his opinion that California might be advantageously annexed to the Union. As, for instance—

During the anarchy which existed in past years throughout this fertile country, there were many of the native Californians who would have been thankful for the protection of either England or America; and indeed a great many desired it, in preference to the detested administration of Mexico. Perhaps there are many who still feel as they did then; and in this stage of "annexation," why not extend the "area of freedom" by the annexation of California? Why not plant the banner of liberty there, in the fortress at the entrance of the noble, the spacious bay of San Francisco? It requires not the far-reaching eye of the statesman, nor the wisdom of a contemplative mind, to know what would be the result. Soon its immense sheet of water would become enlivened with thousands of vessels, and steam-boats would ply between the towns which, as a matter of course, would spring up on its shores; while on other locations, along the banks of the rivers, would be seen manufactories and saw-mills. The whole country would be changed; and instead of one's being deemed wealthy by possessing such extensive tracts as are now held by the farming class, he would be rich with one quarter part. Every thing would improve; population would increase; consumption would be greater; and industry would follow. All this may come to pass; and indeed it must come to pass, for the march of emigration is to the west, and naught will arrest its advance but the mighty ocean.

Happily this propensity has received a check for the present, though doubtless it will revive on the first favourable opportunity.

Besides his own sketches of California, the author has presented a translation of a Spanish manuscript given to him by a Catholic priest attached to one of the missions, and which contains the writer's narrative of

his life among the native Indians, and very curious and interesting particulars of their habits and superstitions. From the two, the reader will receive a pretty accurate knowledge of California as it is. His account is extremely unfavourable of

#### THE MISSIONS.

Mass is offered daily, and the greater portion of the Indians attend; but it is not unusual to see numbers of them driven along by alcaides, and under the whip's lash forced to the very doors of the sanctuary. The men are placed generally upon the left and the females occupy the right of the church, so that a passage way or aisle is formed between them from the principal entrance to the altar, where zealous officials are stationed to enforce silence and attention. At evening again, "El Rosario" is prayed, and a second time all assemble to participate in supplication to the Virgin. The condition of these Indians is miserable indeed, and it is not to be wondered at that many attempt to escape from the severity of the religious discipline at the Mission. They are pursued, and generally taken; when they are flogged, and an iron dog is fastened to their legs, serving as additional punishment, and a warning to others.

It was a bold defiance of the power of the union by the Mexicans, if this be a truthful picture of

Five days afterwards, the brig *Chato* arrived, with ninety soldiers and their families. I saw them land, and to me they presented a state of wretchedness and misery unequalled. Not one individual among them possessed a jacket or pantaloons; but naked, and like the savage Indians, they concealed their nudity with dirty miserable blankets. The females were not much better off; for the scantiness of their mean apparel was too apparent for modest observers. They appeared like convicts; and, indeed, the greater portion of them had been charged with the crime either of murder or theft. And these were the soldiers sent to subdue this happy country! These were the valiant soldiers of a heroic General, who had fought on the battle-field, where he had gained laurels for himself and country! These were to be the enforcers of justice and good government. Alas! poor California! when such are to be thy ministers, thou art indeed fallen! The remainder of the convict army arrived in course of time, and I had an opportunity of seeing them all afterwards at the Pueblo, when on their route towards Monterey the seat of government. They mustered about three hundred and fifty men; and their General had given them, since their arrival, a neat uniform of white linen. Here their stay was protracted, in order to drill and prepare for service, in case of opposition from Senor Alvarado. Day after day, the place resounded with the noise of the trumpet and the drums; and a level spot on the river's margin was the scene of military manoeuvres. At night, the gardens and vineyards were plundered, and the neighbouring farms suffered greatly from the frequency of the soldiers' visits.

At San Diego, on Christmas eve, our author witnessed a once popular diversion.

#### A MIRACLE-PLAY.

At an early hour illuminations commenced, fire-works were let off, and all was rejoicing. The church bells rang merrily, and long before the time of mass the pathways leading to the Presidio were enlivened by crowds hurrying to devotion. I accompanied Don Jose Antonio, who procured for me a stand where I could see distinctly everything that took place. The mass commenced, Padre Vicente de Oliva officiated, and at the conclusion of the mysterious *sacraficio* he produced a small image representing the infant Saviour, which he held in his hands for all who chose to approach and kiss. After this, the tinkling of the guitar was heard without, the body of the church was cleared, and immediately commenced the harmonious sounds of a choir of voices. The characters entered in procession, adorned with appropriate costume, and bearing banners. There were six females, representing shepherdesses, three men and a boy. One of the men personated Lucifer, one a hermit, and the other Bartolo, a lazy vagabond, whilst the boy represented the archangel Gabriel. The story of their performance is partially drawn from the Bible, and commences

with the angel's appearance to the shepherds, his account of the birth of our Saviour, and exhortation to them to repair to the scene of the manger. Lucifer appears among them and endeavours to prevent the prosecution of their journey. His influence and temptations are about to succeed, when Gabriel again appears and frustrates their effect. A dialogue is then carried on of considerable length relative to the attributes of the Deity, which ends in the submission of Satan. The whole is interspersed with songs, and incidents that seem better adapted to the stage than the church. For several days this theatrical representation is exhibited at the principal houses, and the performers at the conclusion of the play are entertained with refreshments. The boys take an enthusiastic part in the performance, and follow about, from house to house, perfectly enraptured with the comicalities of the hermit and Bartolo.

But for him the world would never have heard of the enterprising man whose death is thus recorded:

#### A MARTYR OF SCIENCE.

I found a new resident at Monterey—David Douglas, esq., a naturalist from Scotland, who had been indefatigable in his researches throughout the northern regions of America, and was adding to his treasure the peculiar productions of California. I was told he would frequently go off, attended only by his little dog, and, with rifle in hand, search the wildest thickets in hopes of meeting a bear; yet the sight of a bullock grazing in an open field was to him more dreadful than all the terrors of the forest. He once told me that this was his only fear, little thinking what a fate was in reserve for him. He went afterwards from Monterey to the Sandwich Islands. One morning he was found at the bottom of a pit which had been prepared as a trap for wild bulls. It is supposed that from curiosity he had approached too near to get a sight of the furious animal that had been ensnared, and the earth giving way, precipitated him below. The merciless brute had gored him to death. His faithful little dog was found near the spot, watching a basket of his collections.

Here is a sketch of

#### A CALIFORNIAN MEAL.

The succeeding morning found us safely anchored at a long distance from the landing (at St. Barbara), fearing the South-east gales which prevail at this season of the year. Reports were circulated that a new vessel with a new cargo had arrived, which brought great numbers of persons to the brig; when the usual scene of confusion ensued. Several "Rancheros" were among our visitors, who had come from afar to behold "a house upon the water." Whilst at dinner, we were particularly amused with their awkwardness; and when the pudding was served, it was looked at with astonishment. When the accompanying sauce was carried round, those who chose added, with the assistance of a grater, a quantity of nutmeg. One of the "green ones," who had carefully watched this operation, in his turn seized the grater, and commenced rubbing with his thumb-nail upon the indented surface; not succeeding by the application of his thumb, he paused, and from the general smile of the others, who were witnessing his perplexity, he began to think there was something wrong; so, looking towards me, he said, "Cemo es que yo no saco nada?" "How is it that I do not get any thing?" I explained the matter to him, and told him to examine within, where he would find the source whence the others had obtained the aromatic materials. However, this is not quite so good a joke as I learned took place afterwards on board of another vessel; which I will insert here to compare with the story of the nutmeg. It was on a glorious Fourth of July, and the day was observed with due festivity and rejoicing on board of the from the Sandwich Islands. At dinner there was a great assemblage of guests from the neighbouring farms of St. Francisco; when a large bowl was used for holding the pudding sauce, which, at the proper time, was introduced and handed to the nearest one who had taken pudding. Liking its appearance, he took the bowl from the steward, returned his plate, and with his spoon soon made a finish of the whole. This accomplished, smacking his lips, he said, "Que caldo tan bueno! Que lastima! que no lo tragaron antes de la carne." What good soup! What a pity that they did not

After burning the body, a general council was called, to make provision for the collecting of grain and seeds; the acorns, &c. &c. and the flesh of animals, such as deer, rabbits, hares, squirrels, rats, and all kinds which they fed upon. While consulting together, they beheld for several days, and at distinct times, a spectre, unlike themselves, who appeared and disappeared; sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another. Alarmed at its appearance, they determined to speak to it. Having summoned it to their presence, inquiries were made if he was their captain *Ouiot*. "I am not *Ouiot*," said he, "but a captain of greater power; and my name is *Chipeyehinlich*. My habitation is above. On what matters are you debating, and why are you thus congregated?" he inquired. "Our captain is dead," said they, "we have come to his interment, and were discussing in what manner to maintain ourselves upon the seeds of the fields, and the flesh of animals, without being obliged to live upon the clay, or earth, as we have done." Having listened to their answer, he spake unto them, and said, "I create all things: I will make you another people, and from this time, one of you shall be endowed with the power to cause it to rain, another to influence the dews, another to produce the acorn, another to create rabbits, another ducks, another geese, another deer." In fine, each

one received his particular occupation, and power to create such food as they now eat. Even now, such as claim to be descendants of this people, pretend to be endowed with the same powers, and are frequently consulted as to their harvests, and receive in return for their advice, a gift of some kind, either in money or clothing, and, in fact, the result of their harvest depends entirely upon the maintenance given to these sorcerers, and the supplying all their necessities. To offend them, would be to destroy all their productions of flesh and grain.

#### *The Greece of the Greeks.*

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 107.)

"THE next chapter contains a very interesting summary of the modern history of Athens, dating from the year 1456. The present state of the city is therein described. The following remarks upon the services of Mr. Pittakes will be read with interest.

"Had there been nothing else, the clearing of the Propylæa, and the restoration of the temple of Victory, would have been sufficient to entitle Mr. Pittakes and his coadjutors to the gratitude and the praise of all those who are interested in the antiquities of Greece; but to these he has added other services, less apparent, perhaps, to those who have not watched their progress, but not less important or less interesting. Mr. Pittakes has been entrusted with the task of clearing the whole of the Acropolis; and, in the execution of this work, he had to carry out and throw down an immense mass of rubbish, and a great number of private and public buildings. The task was sufficiently Herculean, and it was rendered the more so by the want of means; for Mr. Pittakes, like the hero of old, had to clear the Augean mass with little or no aid from the government or the Society. Notwithstanding the many obstacles in the way of the Conservative-General, the whole *epipedon* or level of the Acropolis has been cleared; every abomination has been thrown out; and so completely has this work been done, that the different divisions and the original pavement of the Acropolis may now be seen, even by the inexperienced in antiquities; and while the ground has been disencumbered of those objects which impaired the proportions of the temples and the monuments, the work has been attended with the further advantage of recovering such fragments of art as had been spared by time and the impious spoilers. Among these are pedestals of statues, friezes, altars, inscriptions, and other relics of art, which, though effaced and mutilated, are in many instances of great historical value. Nor are these fragments few, or altogether deficient in intrinsic merit. The gallery to the left of the Propylæa, two or three rooms to the rear of it, five or six vaulted cells, and a great portion of the open space between the Propylæa and the Parthenon, are literally filled and strewn with the fragments of this great storehouse of sculpture. In the upper rooms of one of the private buildings still standing, there is a large and interesting collection of vases and urns, worthy to stand by the works of the great sculptors. Some of these terracotta creations are so light in substance and so graceful in form, as to claim for the old pot-makers of Greece a place in the pantheon of her artists. In the different collections, and in various parts of the Acropolis, there are many bas-reliefs and alto-relievos of admirable execution. Most of these belong to the ornaments and the friezes of the different temples in the Acropolis, and are therefore doubly interesting; but among them there is one intrinsically and superlatively beautiful. This relieve represents the Goddess of Victory in the attitude of tying her sandal. She has lost her head, and yet she is so perfectly captivating, so like a thing of life and feeling, that the memory of her light and graceful form haunts me like a revealed mystery of the beautiful.

"Fortunately, the blocks of marble which were parts of the temples themselves, having nothing to excite the cupidity of the spoilers, and being too heavy for transportation to northern climes, were left to lie among the rubbish, and are now at the disposal of the artist. The shafts of the columns, their capitals, and the blocks which belong to the north and south sides of the Parthenon, lie in one confused mass; and though no effort of man is perhaps sufficient to renovate the 'whattered splendour' of this matchless temple, the taste and ingenuity of experienced artists may be so far successful as to

replace the fallen fragments in their original positions, and thus fill out at least, or restore, its proportions. This has been successfully attempted with the temple of Victory, and there is no reason why it cannot succeed to a certain degree with that of Minerva. The latter, like the former of these temples, is now in a process of restoration, and there is something interesting even in the partial success that has attended the enterprise; there is something both cheering and emblematic in this restoration of the Greek temples by the hands and under the auspices of the modern Greeks. Should the now fallen columns of the Parthenon rise, and the now absent gods return to the pedestals they once occupied,—as it is to be hoped they may,—the whole civilized world will have occasion to rejoice in the triumphs of modern Greece.

Mr. Perdicaris gives a very favourable account of the king and queen of Greece. To most readers sketches of living persons will probably have a greater interest than the ruins of antiquity. We shall make no apology for offering the following lively passage.

"My presentation to the queen took place the day after. As soon as I entered the saloon, I felt that I was in the presence of a beautiful and amiable being. My situation, however, was somewhat embarrassing, when I found that I had to make myself agreeable through an interpreter, and also in the presence of two maids of honour and a very ugly-looking master of ceremonies.

"Her Majesty, whose personal appearance is exceedingly captivating, and whose blue eyes are as mild as they are eloquent, had little to say about the American commerce or the navy. The appearance of the New World, the grandeur and majesty of its rivers and forests, and the beauty of the American ladies, were the objects in which she felt an evident interest, and about which it was my good fortune to gratify her curiosity. To my account of the American ladies she listened with pleasure, and I had half a mind to tell her that some of them were as beautiful as herself; but recollecting that I was talking through an interpreter, I doubted the propriety of such a compliment, and contented myself by assuring her that the American ladies were deeply interested in Greece, and that they had every reason to hope that the land of all that was beautiful in nature, and interesting in association, would be as happy and as prosperous under the light of her Majesty's virtues, as it once was under the protecting care of Minerva!

"Queen Amelia is the daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. She was born the 9th of December, 1818, was married on the 22nd of November, 1836; she is youthful, and so interesting in her person as to be justly considered the most beautiful queen of the age. She is not indeed one of those dazzling beauties that overwhelm us at first sight, but she is so very simple and so very amiable in manners and temper, that we are apt to forget the queen in our admiration of those virtues and those graces which belong to a lovely woman. She is just the woman that Titian would have delighted to paint. She has a fine and pliant form, fair hair, blue eyes, clear complexion, and a smile—*Παραγία*.

"Otho is surely to be envied both as a king and a husband. With Greece for his kingdom, and with Amelia for his consort, he has all that fortune can give to a monarch,—all that God can bestow upon a happy mortal. King Otho ought to have been something extraordinary both as a king and a man, not to suffer by contrast with his kingdom and his queen. Without being an admirer of his government, I have a higher idea of the king's intellectual abilities, and a greater respect for his moral worth, than has been awarded him by those who, unable to be his friends, have resolved to be his enemies, and who see no virtues or redeeming qualities in his mind or heart.

"Further on, the following paragraph should be added to complete the picture.

"Otho has not proved superior to the will of his fate. He has suffered, and still suffers under it; but while he is not a wonder or a wonder-maker, he is by no means destitute of those high excellences which are necessary to the formation of a good king. Without being an Alexander or a Napoleon, he is, fortunately for Greece, a man of honest intentions and industrious habits. To his sense of justice and reliance upon

an overruling Providence, which becomes and adorns his exalted station, he adds the humbler, yet equally necessary, virtues of an austere economist. Otho is an upright and religious man: no stain and no immoral intrigues can be said to sully his character or disgrace his household. His court is a model of good order; and the Greeks have reason to bless Heaven for having placed before them—before the eyes of their wives and their children—such examples of domestic happiness and virtue as their king and queen."

"Another chapter contains an interesting account of the court and the political parties of Greece. It touches on many topics important to a right understanding of the condition and prospects of the country, but we must pass them over. The society of modern Athens is a curious and attractive theme. It has grown up within a few years, and presents to the stranger a sufficiently party-coloured aspect. Besides the remnant of the native Athenian population, the establishment of the court there has drawn together Greeks from every part of Europe and Asia, and adventurers from England, France, Italy, and especially Bavaria. Some are attracted thither to enjoy the classic associations of so renowned a spot; others hope to mend their fortunes by the opportunities created for enterprising men in a just forming society; others seek a profitable investment of capital, where capital must of necessity command a high rate of interest; others still speculate in house-lots. It is not long since we read in one of the Athenian newspapers an advertisement, in very tolerable Greek, of a most desirable piece of ground near the temple of Theseus, setting forth the conveniences of the location as to omnibuses (Παμφόρεω) and the like. Such ideas confound all our established modes of thinking. An omnibus and the temple of Theseus stand at the opposite ends of the chain of our intellectual associations. Imagine the slayer of the Minotaur jumping into the "old line," on his return from one of his little excursions, and getting out at his father's door. Had these convenient vehicles run every half hour at a moderate price, in those days, the old gentleman's fatal mistake would never have been made. We cannot forbear making an extract or two from this entertaining chapter.

"The *haute volée* of Athens may be seen almost every day, either at noon, when the music of the royal band calls them before the palace, or when the cool of the evening invites them to their promenades; but the people are too busy to join in these recreations, and those who are interested in them must watch for the occasions when they gather to celebrate their national festivals under the olive groves of the Academy; on the "purple hills of the flowery Hymettus;" before the temple of Theseus; on the banks of the classical Ilissus; and under the majestic columns of the Olympian Jupiter. It is at these places, and at stated times of the year, that we see something of the Greeks, and are called to witness scenes which remind us of the olden times of Greece.

"The public festivals of the modern Athenians are almost all of them connected with religious rites, and though their origin is buried in the depths of antiquity, it is more than probable that they are remains and modified forms of those religious ceremonies and national festivals which were celebrated in these very regions, and perhaps on these identical localities, by the ancient Athenians. The stated pilgrimages of the modern Athenians to the hills of Hymettus, their picnic parties to the groves of the Academy, and their dances before the temple of Theseus, are much like the festivals of the olden times, and may be reminiscences—fragments, perhaps, of the Panathenian processions and the Eleusinian mysteries. These are not the only instances of similarity between the popular institutions of the modern and ancient Greeks; and Colonel Leake has justly remarked, that "the classical traveller cannot be many days in Greece, without remarking numerous instances in which the present people retain both the customs of the earliest ages and the modes of expressing them in language."

"The principal places of amusement in Athens are the coffee-houses and the *Leschæ*, or the reading-rooms; the for-

mer of which are the resort of the many, the latter of the *élite*. Both are supplied with means of amusement and gratification,—with coffee, pipes, newspapers, &c. But the *Leschæ* is provided not only with the local newspapers, but with the journals and the periodicals of the rest of Europe, and it is furnished in a style highly creditable to the taste and the liberality of the Greeks. This establishment is of course open only to its members, and such strangers as may be introduced by them. Thus far it answers a good purpose; for besides its being a place of agreeable reunion for the inhabitants of the place, it affords to distinguished visitors a good opportunity of seeing the news of the day. The reading-rooms, however, like the coffee-houses of Athens and of Greece, are the favourite resort of loungers; they are to the modern Greeks what the Stoas and the *Leschæ* were to the ancients; and if it is painful to see the coffee-shops in the best of her cities crowded from morning till midnight with the refuse of their population, or with babbling idlers, whose sole occupation seems to be the business of others; if it is painful to meet with such a sight when Greece is suffering more for want of hands than for want of tongues, it is equally, nay more painful, to see some of her best citizens leaving their wives and their children at home, and resorting night after night to the reading-rooms, to waste their time in descanting upon the affairs of nations,—"the balance of power," or the "question of the East." The reading-rooms, indeed, differ from the coffee-houses only in degree, but not in kind,—the one is the lower and the other the upper house of parliament.

"The description of the suburbs of Athens has many points of interest for the classical scholar. An account of the island of Eubœa, which Mr. Perdicaris visited in 1838, in the company of Mr. Mansolas, the ex-minister of the interior, and of Captain Diamandis, a noted chief of Mount Olympus, will be quite novel to most readers of Grecian travels. The following chapter records a journey to Thebes, in the course of which most of the points of historical and literary interest are pleasantly noticed. The party "reached the city of Cadmus a little after five o'clock, p. m., and put up at a khan in Epaminondas-street!" Of the present condition of the city Mr. Perdicaris says:—

"At the end of the revolution, the city was left a heap of smoking ruins; and those of its inhabitants who escaped the sword, and succeeded in gathering around them their household gods,—a few tin pans and earthen pots,—are struggling with the first essays of life, which are the more difficult, as the worthy descendants of Epaminondas and of Pindar had to begin life with nothing. In the course of their servitude, they had lost their paternal estates, and they were obliged to purchase their present possessions from the government, at the extravagant prices of three, four, and even five hundred dollars per acre,—a state of things ruinous to themselves and to the true interests of the country.

"The plains of Boeotia abound in rich lands, and the city, though inland, is yet so favourably situated as to be within a few hours' distance from three seas,—the Saronic and Corinthian gulfs, and the ports of the Eubœic frith. In addition to this, the great national road which is to be extended from the capital of the kingdom to its confines to the north, has already reached the city of Thebes, and its inhabitants are thus enabled to send the produce of their fields, and even the vegetables of their gardens, to the market of Athens."

"Those classical scholars who have extended their studies into the Attic kitchen will be pleased to know that the far-famed Coptic eels illustrate and confirm by their present excellence the praises bestowed on them by the ancients. For the benefit of all such gentlemen, and of classical learning in particular, we select a portion of Mr. Perdicaris's experience on this savoury subject. The reader of Aristophanes will, doubtless, remember the figure that the Coptic eel makes more than once in his amusing plays. Besides the passage cited by Mr. Perdicaris, a pretty emphatic eulogy is pronounced upon them in the *Lysistrata*. The chieftainess of the "Rights of Woman" party, in that most whimsical comedy, proposes

"That all Boeotians perish utterly,"  
to which another replies—

"Not all; but all, pray to except the eels." Not all!

With these introductory and culinary remarks, we present what Mr. Perdicaris has to say.

"During our day's stroll through the streets of Thebes, I saw in the market some fine Copeia eels, and recollecting the praises which the ancients bestowed upon them, I determined to test the truth of their remarks. The cook was, therefore, ordered to buy the largest of them, and prepare it in the true classical style for our dinner, or the next day's picnic in some grove, or by the side of some fountain in the course of our journey to Livadia. Accordingly, the eel was bought and roasted, but there being no other mode of keeping it out of harm's way during the night, it was put in a basket and suspended in the centre of the apartment. In the course of the night, the flavour of its contents which were rich enough to provoke the immortals, brought to the khan all the Haliconian cats, and their attempts to get at the basket threw us into a great consternation. One of them missed the basket, and fell upon my next neighbour, while two others were more successful; but being unable to divide the spoils amicably, they commenced open hostilities high up in the clouds. The cause was so unthought of, the alarm so sudden, and the cry so loud and so terrible, that every one of us was startled, and for a while I thought that the 'seven' of Eschylus had come upon Thebes in right earnest."

About two o'clock in the afternoon, we alighted at a khan in the vicinity of an abundant spring. The khangee, who had nothing but dry bread and cheese, provided us with some delicious grapes, which had been cooled in the crystal waters of the neighbouring fountain; but the best thing before us was the Copeia eel, which had been roasted on the spit, in leaves of Apollo's laurel, the substitute of the beet-leaves of the ancients, and sprinkled with lemon juice; it was indeed a "delightful morsel for mortals," and after the experience of the day, we were not only willing to pardon the cats for the trouble they had given us in the course of the previous night, but ready to endorse the extravagant opinions of the ancients. With Mount Helicon and Copia in sight, and the eel before us, we were better prepared to enter into the merits of the dialogue between Demopolis and the Boeotian, in the Acharnenses of Aristophanes, than the most learned professors in the universities of Germany. Plain facts throw better light than sublimed theories.

"Dio, (addressing the Boeotian) O thou that bearest the sweetest  
to mine, and I shall never be  
If eels thou bearest, grant me speech with them.  
Bare, (taking the eel by the tail) Fairest of fifty dear Copeia maids,  
Come forth and welcome graciously this stranger.  
Dio, (in ecstasies of delight) O dearest one, long looked for wistfully,  
Thou comest welcome to the happy shores,  
And dear to Mordicus, to I slaves, bring forth  
The trailer, let us have the fellows, too.  
Boys, look your fill at that most noble eel  
Brought hither after six whole years of longing;  
Speak to her, children; I will fetch the coals  
For this fair stranger's sake; come, bring her on,  
"For I will never, even after death, be parted from him."—addressed with leaves of laurel.

We have not space to follow Mr. Perdicaris through the remainder of his most agreeable account of this journey, which extended to the northern boundary of Greece, and included most of the places distinguished in classical history or associated with the late heroic exploits of her sons. The incidents of the journey are told in a very lively manner, and the magnificent scenery through which a great part of it lay is described with a vividness of poetry and painting. The last chapters of the first volume are taken up with visits to the islands of Tenos, Andros, and Egina.

The second volume is equal in interest, spirit, and picturesque beauty to the first. It ought to be mentioned, that, while the work was going through the press, the printing-office was burnt down, and with it the entire manuscript, and the proof-sheets of the second volume. Mr. Perdicaris had the energy to sit down immediately and rewrite it all. Some delay occurred in the publication, but not so much as might have been

supposed. The style of this volume exhibits the vigour which would naturally be looked for from one who was capable of such a gallant literary exploit. It is chiefly occupied with a journey through the Morea. It contains the most striking delineations of the country and the people, and the clearest and most satisfactory picture of life in the Peloponnesus, under the new order of things. But having quoted so largely from the first volume, we must content ourselves with this general indication of the character of the second. The reader will be particularly interested by the sketches of Colocotroni and Petrom Bey, two personages whose names have already become historical. The work concludes with an excellent chapter on the present condition of Greece, which we can only recommend to the attention of the reader."

## JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

*A Natural History of the Mammalia.* By G. R. WATERHOUSE, Esq. of the British Museum. Parts IV. to X. 1846: Baillière.

We have already noticed the appearance of the earlier parts of this truly national work. It continues to be as copious in its information, as scientific in its character, and as beautifully got up, as respects the engravings, both on steel and wood, with which it is so profusely adorned. No library of Natural History will be complete without it.

THE COPPER REGION.—The stories which reach us from the copper region on Lake Superior, almost daily, startle our credulity; and were it not that we have ourselves seen some of these large masses of native copper, we should find it difficult to credit them, however well authenticated. A gentleman from Zanesville, now on his way to Lake Superior, thus writes from Detroit, on the 28th of May, to the *Zanesville Courier*—"The explorations on Lake Superior prove that it is, beyond compare, the richest copper region in the world; and four or five veins have, thus far, been discovered which contain silver in sufficient quantities to render the mining highly profitable. Some of the copper ores carry with them ten per cent. of silver; which would make its commercial value between 4,000 and 5,000 dollars per ton. The explorations during the past winter, I learn, have been highly satisfactory. One day last week, a boat took down about 50,000 dollars worth of copper and silver ore belonging to the Pittsburgh Company, destined for the Boston market. The Boston and Lake Superior Company (Eagle river) have struck a vein which is represented to be very rich in silver. The Copper Falls Company, you will recollect, uncovered a mass of native copper, last winter, some 13 feet in length, which proved a serious obstacle to the prosecution of their work. The Eagle Harbour Company, on the adjoining location, have met with an obstacle still more serious. They have come to a mass of native copper, which serves as a brazen barrier to all further operations—at least for the present. They have drifted longitudinally about ninety feet, without finding its length; they have sunk down about four feet in places without finding its depth. Its average thickness is about eighteen inches. The mass thus far uncovered is estimated at about ninety tons; and its commercial value, when raised and smelted, will exceed 25,000 dollars. This seems almost incredible, and yet it is literally true. Nothing in the previous history of mining operations can compare with this. The Ontonagon copper rock, weighing about two tons, was regarded as one of the wonders of the world; and yet, between that mass and this, the difference is as great as between a mustard seed and a cannon-ball. The company purpose erecting a steam-engine for the purpose of sawing this immense mass into blocks, and thus raising it from the mine. I saw some of the fragments or rough strings, that were cut off from the exterior; and with the exception of an occasional signature of spar, it resembled more the product of the furnace, than the mine. *Twentieth Patriot.*

NOVEL MODE OF CULTIVATING THE POTATO.—At the recent Horticultural Exhibition, held at Gloucester, on Thurs-

day the 23rd ult., Mr. Coules, tanner, obtained an extra prize for a quantity (numbering sixty) of ordinary sized cockney potatoes, the produce of one root, raised from a portion of potato rind (planted in the spring of the present year), of the thickness and circumference of a shilling. The advantage to be derived from this economical method, if generally adopted, would be considerable, especially to the poor cottager, who is mostly dependent on this esculent for subsistence, as a dozen sets may be procured from a moderate sized potato, an eye in each set being all that is necessary.

### THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

### LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLING BACHELOR

#### CITIES, LITERATURE, AND ART.

##### Letter VIII.

Your speculation is correct; I have again succumbed beneath the influence of that unseen spirit which, from the first faint glimmerings of sense, I can recall as hovering o'er me in this weary journey of life, darkening its path as I progress by cheerless shadows that precede me like a moving cloud. For it is with me, at intervals, as though the pulse of life refused to beat; when no impressions from the external world affect me; when no converse with the powers of our internal spiritual existence, of which Thought and Conscience are the springs, animates me; when joy or grief are as things indifferent; and when hours, nay days, pass in a spiritless, soulless consciousness, unreckoned, unenjoyed, unperceived. Like Juliet after her draught, "to be taken at bed-time," I am, during this affliction, as one numbered with the dead, the "distilled liquor" is imbibed.

And presently, through all my veins does run  
A cold and drowsy humor, which does seize  
Each vital spirit, for no pulse does keep  
Its natural progress, but surrenders to death.

I know you will say, succumb not; wrestle with your opponent; act, do, that a wayward imagination is the cause.—Imagination, that angel or demon as we govern it; for that genial power is not essentially spiritual, or, if of heaven, is also like Man of earth, born and dying with the same attributes of good and ill; but I tell you victory depends not in these cases exclusively upon the will. We are fearfully and wonderfully made,—hardly less than spiritual, being eternal, yet there is not a worm, an insect, to the poor beetle which you tread upon, more subject and more governed by external accidents than Man. We act less than we are acted upon. Of all those interests which animate the existence of the myriads which populate our modern Babylon; of how very few can they be said to be the exclusive origin.

A breath can make them as a breath has made,  
So is it with our affections, feelings, pursuits, passions; they govern, guide, control us, wisely, it may be, or ill, but depend on it, for the most part, notwithstanding our high prerogative, our boasted free will—we are slaves. But sufficient for the day is the impression thereof. Let me turn to a more cheerful prospect, and consider, as I purposed, the Berlin collections of art. Do not, however, expect a critical catalogue. I desire only to treat these collections, not excluding any special point of interest, as a whole. And first for the sculpture gallery. This owes its origin to the purchase originally made by Frederick the Second, with the subsequent additions from the collections of Cardinal Polignac, the Margrave of Baden, Cambrun, and others, obtained under the direction of SCHINKEL, DE WAAGEN, Chevalier BUNSEN, and Professor GERHARD. Of the works it contains I shall speak but of one, No. 140, "Der Aufsteigender Knabe." The Boy Praying. This was found in the Tiber, and sent by Pope CLEMENT XI. as a present to Prince Eugene of Savoy, and was purchased from the Prince of LICHTENSTEIN, who subsequently possessed it, by Frederick the Second, for 10,000

thalers, about 450*l*. Nothing can be more expressive. The most undoubting faith, total absorption of thought in the contemplation of the Deity, entire abstraction from all external impressions, the concentration of all mental power for the adequate expression of intense desire, which alone is prayer, here suspend all bodily action, and are impressed in every feature. As I stood, I felt as if he were in the attitude of the beautiful invocation of Bognarus.

Da, Pater, augustam menti considerare sedem,  
Da fontem lustrare boni, da luce reperta  
In te conspicuos animi delicta videri  
Dijce terrene volubus et pondosa mole,  
Atque tuo splendore micis, in namque serenum  
Tu requies tranquilla pax, te cernere, quis ovis  
Principium, vector, dux, terminus, individual

Besides this, there is a good statue of NAPOLEON, by CHAUDET, and many sepulchral Etruscan and Roman antiquities of great interest. The Etruscan Vases deserve alone a month's residence at Berlin, but they are now so adequately described by Professor GERHARD, in his recent book published by GROSCH, and to be appreciated, must be so studied, that I shall pass them with merely a strong recommendation to you to obtain this book. If you resolve thereupon to translate it into English, you will render a service to humanity. I really wish a society could be established for the purpose of making us acquainted with what the learning of Italy and Germany has recently discovered in the archeology of literature and art. Associations have been long formed both in these countries and Denmark and France, not only for the description of antiquities strictly national, but of those which possess an universal interest, from their universal character, their connection with the history of the origin and progress of art and social advancement. But to us, for the most part, their proceedings remain unknown.

Collect which makes the politician wise,  
although duly administered by Order of the Council, to the antiquaries of our United Kingdom every Thursday, I am afraid is not very beneficial in its effects. Surely it is wise to connect our own sphere of action with that of others directed towards the same ends, and by comparing researches upon coeval monuments to ascertain the general condition of the art they illustrate, the social customs with which they are allied. In scientific associations we observe this to be the case; facts are ascertained by a system of combined exertion or simultaneous observation, and the results in whatever language translated. Agitate, agitate; create a literary League, and place yourself at the head thereof, as becometh a patriot. Has Brompton no Gracchi? We have learnt the fatal power of combination, we have taught it; there is but one hope for its proper use—the extension of education in every grade of society, to inculcate the right moral, of its righteous exercise. Antiquaries, I have often thought, destroy more than they restore; but whatever they do, let them spread the information they acquire, and not that connected with their immediate sphere alone, but that which is valuable also from its relation with the pursuits of others; different but yet allied. It is in the universality of possession, that the value of intellectual possession consists; truth and knowledge are the bonds of connection which unite all men. The collection of pictures here is divided into thirty-seven compartments, all of which are numbered, with a plan of the arrangement adopted in each division. Apart from the value of some particular works, I must, however, think that of this collection is simply historic, or of value as illustrative of the History of Painting. As a school of art, particularly in Germany, it must be detrimental. I much doubt, indeed, whether, in connection with the collections at Munich, it has not served to fetter the opinions of German artists most injuriously, and to strengthen that tendency for types and preconceptions in which they are naturally inclined. I will more fully explain the reason for this opinion. At the close of the war with France, upon the overthrow of NAPOLEON, those feelings of German nationality, which the necessity of union during the struggle, had so intensely awakened, so far from being allayed by victory, were rather increased by the consciousness of power, and the desire of making that influence permanent, which the love of fatherland had won. This was a moral feeling, maintained in a manly manner—an ambition, natural and becoming, aiming at noble purposes, and if at any

time indiscreet, at all times unselfish, earnest, and sincere. Germany for the Germans was the cry; youth and age, the warrior and the honourable councillor, the idle child of fortune, and the plodding industrious trader, all alike strove to give form, strength, and definite purpose to this feeling. They succeeded. I appeal to the present condition of this great people for the truth of my assertion. Amongst others, their desire for the regeneration of art, and the dedication of its highest efforts to national purposes was remarkable. At this time also the brothers BOISSEREE had formed, as well as our countryman SOLLY, extensive collections of works by the early German masters prior to the fifteenth century. The Germans thereupon discovered they were in the possession of a collection strictly national, enriched, if I may so say, by an extensive series of works, all painted in an extremely hereditary manner. They became enamoured of these collections, and their love was increased not only by what it fed upon, but by the opinions of GOETHE, LESSING, and the two SCHLEGELS. They asserted that art, to reach the elevation of the sixteenth century, must be born again, and comparing the earnestness, the religious feeling, and the simple treatment, which for the most part these works evince, with the exaggeration, the sickly theatrical sentiment of the French school which had lately been so dominant (as that of DAVID and GIRODET), they flew to the opposite extreme, and preached the doctrine that the source of all true greatness existed in the works comprised within the cycle the BOISSEREE collection illustrated. How fatal this doctrine was to all true elevation, to all real progress, I need not point out. At this time a society of young German artists, all of whom have since become "famous," was formed at Rome. They were all strongly imbued with this doctrine, devoted to their art, all had suffered by the academic restrictions of their own land, all were devout believers in their worthless results. To this they added the enthusiasm common to youths of the same age, disciples of a similar faith, and whose course of ambition was to be run in one common land. CARSTENS, SCHICK, OVERBECK, CORNELIUS, SCHADOW, WEIT, SCHNORR, WACH, VOGEL, HESS, and KOCH, all successively studied here, and the fresco decorations of the Villa Massimi, and those executed for M. BARTOLDI, were the first efforts of the new era. I need not enter into the history of their subsequent career; I desire only to point out its origin, and to shew you the source of their inspiration, and by this to judge how far art has been hitherto regenerated by their exertions. Do not believe me insensible to the merit of their works, or unaware of what they have effected at Berlin, Munich, Frankfort, and Dusseldorf. They have executed many works of a monumental character, which few would hesitate to call good;—and some fewer would consider great. They have, it is true, done these in fresco, perhaps you will say not the highest style of art; but neither in France, England, or Italy, could we, I think, conduct a similar series with equal success. But here they have stopped. And what, if not a characteristic, is at least a marked sign in all these works? The love of types, patterns, predilections, the feelings, mysticism, and symbolism of the Middle Ages, the desire to make that permanent which is in its nature progressive or affected by the character of the age,—the captivate power of the human mind. Were it even possible, is it to be desired? I say, fearlessly, No. One feeling alone which marks the early schools of painting I would indeed except, earnestly struggle to perpetuate; the deep conviction of religion as a sacred institution,—the pure, simple, unconcealed faith,—the duty of making art a moral guide, to raise us, when meditating the subjects and discourses of, from the dull materialism, the pressure of the world upon our senses, and to hold her still as a ministrant of those holy truths which make the perfectibility of man possible, not through the refinement of the intellect, but by the highest cultivation of the moral sense. This religious feeling is a predominant feature of works executed prior to the period of the Medici, and the revival of letters, and constitutes that termed the age of Christian art. Let us retain this; but why seek to renew its technical forms? These, venial now, were admirable then, by the difficulties they overcame, and the struggle they indicate for more perfect methods of expression. Moreover, being the types of ideas predominant and universal in their age, they possess thus historic

value, and exhibit originality and truth. But, to reproduce them, is, at best, to attempt to teach by unknown tongues, to revive with religious fervour its grossly humanized expression, and to adopt into the intellectual creed and charity of the 19th century the errors and the passionate zeal which distinguish the eras these coeval works of art illustrate. For, can the long attenuated forms, the ignorant traditions, the anachronisms, the false perspective or its total want, the flat faces enshaded in gold, the conventional statuary which drapes the figures, the fearful expression of suffering which characterises every effort to portray the crucifixion, which inculcates the horrible fear that that great, sacred, and mysterious oblation was then regarded as a purely human sacrifice, the greater as more painful, the more complete as more exquisitely felt from the divine nature of the sufferer:—can, I ask, such a technical execution be worth imitation; such traditions merit transmission,—such ignorant conception deserve renewal? Truth, Nature, and Knowledge alike forbid. Yet this, I think, although in a purer conception, the German artists have sought to do. They have turned from nature, they have abjured the century in which they live, to copy the art, and to lose themselves in the half-taught, half-ignorant traditions and forms of another. They strive after the same purity of feeling, by imitation, forgetting that must depend upon individual character, and the original moral condition of the mind. Pleased, too, with the careful, elaborate finish observable in early works of art, they have made this a principal source of attraction. Every accessory is crowded into the picture; in the crucifixion the entire agony—in the landscape, every article in the inventory of things necessary. The wood and the water, the moss, the rock, and the ruin, &c.; and in portraits, all the details, however minute, of the subject, and the dresses of the sitters, so that nature is painted up and down into a state of soft perfection. No man can doubt the high qualities of the Artists of Germany, but every man may question their comparative superiority over those of England and France; and sure I am that even less perfection is a greater good; for art is not great by technical imitation of nature, but by the spiritual reproduction and reflection of life, ideas, event, scene, action, which emanate from and have their end within her sphere. We may still properly estimate VAN EYCK, HOLBEIN, ALBERT DURER, and CRANACH, GIOTTO, BELLINI, FIESOLE, and GHIRLANDAJO, without prescribing the limits of their excellence as a boundary it is impossible to pass—

Man, evermore progressive, thankful soars  
Aloft, upbearing Art on venturous wing;  
And from o'erflowing Nature's plenteous stores  
New worlds of beauty spring.

I do not venture to extend my notes, or to describe the contents of this gallery. It is the less necessary, as Dr. WAAGEN's excellent Catalogue contains all the information you can desire; but the influence it has exercised, the feelings it tends to nourish, are, in my opinion, of great import, at least in Germany, where the imagination, however bright, is always tinged by the shadows of school lore, and the love of theory always strives to perpetuate itself in some preconceived favourite type. True genius seeks not inspiration from one age, but from all; it is not limited to one point of time, to one little spot in space, but is nourished and expands by all upon which it dwells within the realm of Deity or the acquisitions of man.

There it first conceives  
True being, and an intellectual world.  
..... as its birthright claims  
Inheritance in all the works of God.

## ART.

*Talent will make its way.* London: Lendrum.  
A STORY told in a succession of pictures, rough, sketchy, but effective. The hand of an artist is visible in the drawing. The scene in the model room of the Royal Academy is full of character. It is undoubtedly a very clever brochure.

**THE WELLINGTON STATUE.**—On Saturday, the further erection of the scaffolding over the triumphal arch at Hyde Park-corner, intended for the raising of the colossal statue

of the Duke of Wellington, was suspended by order of Lord Morpeth, the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. It is now fully believed that the site chosen by the committee, upon which many hundred pounds must have been expended, even in the present scaffolding erected, will be given up, and that the parade in St. James's Park will be the place on which this trophy to the merits of the illustrious duke will ultimately be raised. A suggestion has been made for the open space between the Athenæum and the United Service Club-houses in Pall-mall, but this is considered too confined for such a mass of masonry and bronze as the statue will consist of; while Hyde Park-corner is generally repudiated as the most unfit that could be selected. In St. James's Park there appears sufficient room for a pedestal that will be worthy of the statue; while at Hyde Park it could be raised no higher than the top of the arch, and it is far from an available place on which to be seen.—*Sunday Times*.

From Paris, we hear that a statue, representing Valentine of Milan, has been placed on one of the pedestals in the Garden of the Luxembourg; all the mutilated statues in which are being gradually replaced by new ones:—that the statue of Parmentier, for the town of Montdidier, has been successfully cast in bronze:—and that the demolition has commenced of the famous elephant of the Bastille.

## MUSIC.

**MUSICAL GOSSIP.**—Mr. Card, the well-known flautist, has been recently elected a member of the Philharmonic Society.—Vieuxtemps has left London for a month's tour in the provinces, with the enterprising Jullien; he will return to London at the expiration of his engagement, previous to setting out for St. Petersburg, where the high post he is appointed to occupy in the Autocrat's household will detain him all the winter.—Halevy's opera, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, has attained its eightieth representation at the Opera Comique, in Paris.—Mrs. Bishop will make her first appearance at Drury-lane in Balfe's *Maid of Artois*, which the composer is re-writing. She will then appear in a new opera, by Mr. Lavenu, and subsequently in an opera about which Mr. Vincent Wallace is now busily engaged.—Madame Grisi, Mario, F. Lablache, Benediet, and John Parry, will make a provincial tour when her Majesty's Theatre closes. Madame Castellan, Marras, Fornasari, and others, will give concerts at several places in the country, and pay Ireland and Scotland a visit.—The committee for the ensuing year of the Society of British Musicians, are Messrs. Banister, Macfarren, Clinton, Stephens, J. W. Davison, Gattie, Lockey, Thirlwall, and C. Horsley.—The directors of the Philharmonic Society for the ensuing year, are Messrs. Anderson, Lucas, Calkin, Howell, T. Cooke, Elliott, and J. B. Chatterton. A piece of plate, value 50*l*. has been voted to Mr. Anderson, in consideration of his indefatigable services as honorary secretary. Miss Rainforth and Miss Kate Loder have been unanimously elected associates of the society.—*Musical World*. The next works to be given at the Opera Comique, of Paris, are announced to be *Le Pâtre*, a three-act opera, the music by M. Clapisson, and a pair of one-act works by M. Bourges and M. Potier. M. Thomas, too, is said to be writing an opera in three acts—M. Adrien Boieldieu another, for the same theatre.—*Athenæum*.

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—On Friday Mdle. RACHEL made her appearance in LATOUR's successful tragedy of *Virginie*, which had such a run in Paris last year. The chief difference between the French and the English adaptation of this, one of the finest incidents in history, is, that M. LATOUR makes *Virginie* the chief character, while SHERIDAN KNOWLES, true to history itself, makes her a passive organ in her father's hands. We prefer the tender modest maiden of KNOWLES's play to the tragic heroine of M. LATOUR's. Not but that she is a heroine, in the truest sense of the word, in our English play, but the English author leaves the character and incidents to tell us so, while the French proclaims it aloud. The language of *Virginie* is tolerably good. It seems so inade-

quate a tribute to be paid to such wonderful genius, that we are really almost tired of endeavouring to praise RACHEL's acting, knowing as we do that, try our best, we "cannot praise her half her merit." The answer she gives to *Claudius*, when he presses his suit immediately after announcing the death of *Ichius*, struck us as being particularly fine. Where *Virginie* says—

La Romaine vousahit, l'amante vous meprise,

the mixture of horror and detestation was most masterly. We shall doubtless convey a portion of our regret to our readers when we announce that the engagement of Mdle. RACHEL terminates this week. We regret to state that since writing the above we find serious indisposition prevents Mdle. RACHEL from performing this week, in consequence of which her engagement, which was to have terminated with the present week, will, we presume, be prolonged.

**HAYMARKET.**—On Wednesday evening Mr. WEBSTER took his benefit. The performances consisted of *Romeo and Juliet*, in which the Misses CUSHMAN have been so eminently successful; *The Wonderful Water Cure*, in which the part of *Argentine* is the most delightful performance. Madame THILLON has given since her appearance at this theatre; the Ethiopian Serenaders, who sang several of their favourite melodies. Madame CELESTE lent her aid in *The Pretty Girls of Stilleberg*: altogether forming the most amusing night of the season. Mr. WEBSTER has certainly merited a bumping benefit; without the varied attractions above enumerated, whether it was by reason of the entertainments or the deserts of Mr. WEBSTER we cannot say, but he certainly had a bumper. The only thing which damped our enjoyment was the announcement that this was "positively the last appearance" of Madame THILLON. Despite the disadvantage she laboured under of the French Plays being in their full zenith during the whole of her engagement, for the great charm of her acting over that of any other actress we have, consists in its resemblance to the French acting. Madame THILLON has been so rapturously received, that this announcement could not but give some pain amidst the general pleasure of the evening. On Monday, "Mr. FARREN's evening," Miss FAUCETT will perform the chief character in the Greek tragedy of *Antigone*, which so fascinated the public at Covent Garden the winter before last.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—This well-conducted theatre was opened for the season on Saturday, with the production of the first part of *Henry IV.* one of the best of SHAKESPEARE's historical plays, as regards its aptitude for putting on the stage. Mr. PHELPS performed *Sir John Falstaff*, and he decidedly gives the best personification of the jolly knight we have ever witnessed; but it is still out of his line; and, moreover, it is a character that never will be satisfactorily performed. It is, without exception, the most consummate comic character in SHAKESPEARE; but it is so comic, that no actor will ever give it without exceeding the bounds of humour and comedy, and verging upon the coarse and vulgar: it is going too far to say this of Mr. PHELPS' performance, yet it is also going too far to say decidedly that such is not the case. Mr. PHELPS has evidently given careful study to the part, and the result is a masterly and artistic piece of acting, and one which approaches nearest to our idea of *Sir John Falstaff* of any performance we have witnessed; but it is not our idea of *Sir John Falstaff*, the which, as we have said, we never expect to see realized. An actor, new to the London boards, Mr. CRESWICK, was deservedly successful in *Hotspur*; this gentleman promises, ere long, to be a most capital actor; his only defect consists in somewhat too great a degree of enthusiasm; but this is a defect which generally wears off sooner than any other: this gone, Mr. CRESWICK will be a valuable addition to our stage. Mr. MARSTON played the *Prince* very well, but with his usual defect of voice and manner. The only other part worthy of special notice (though they were all well done) was the short part of *Francis*, by Mr. SCHARF; it was quite a little gem in its way, and received the hearty applause of this most "discriminating" and "enlightened" of audiences. The piece altogether is produced in a classical and thoroughly satisfactory manner, particularly the battle scenes, with which there was scarcely a fault to find; and what defects there were, we are certainly in no mood to point out on the occasion of a first representation on the first night of the season. Our only disappointment was that of no longer seeing Mrs. WARNER's name in connection with the management of the company; what this separation can have arisen from after the marked success of her previous management in conjunction with Mr. PHELPS is a mystery. It must have been highly satisfactory to Mr. PHELPS, as well as to the actors individually (who were respectively greeted with repeated cheers) to receive the enthusiastic applause of an audience which is now proverbial for its thorough appreciation of good acting. We promise our readers to be regular in our attendance and reports upon this theatre.

The Americans are announcing, as a novelty, a fashion of

throwing money on the stage, in place of bouquets, which has recently broken out in their western states. Now, as George Selwyn says, "there is nothing new under the grandson." They will find in Mr. Noverre's solemn and picturesque treatise on the art of dancing (a work, to speak seriously, of great ingenuity and research) mention of the purses of gold which were thrown on the London stage at the benefit of Mlle. Sallé, the Elsieir of her day, by our grandfathers.

VAUXHALL was on Wednesday evening the scene of a Scottish fête, under the patronage of the Chisholm, of Chisholm, and the Highland Society of London. The gardens were most numerous and fashionably attended, several members of the above-mentioned societies appearing in their national costumes, the gaiety of which added greatly to the splendour of the scene. The illuminations were varied, and unusually brilliant and numerous. Several songs of Burns and other popular Scottish poets gave great delight, and were received with enthusiastic applause. The pipes of the late Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Gordon contributed to the general amusement, as did the talented performances of TOURNAIRE's horse riders; the fireworks were of a very splendid description. On Wednesday the fête of St. George is to take place, on which occasion it is said that Mr. GRAY will make his first night ascent for the season, in the Corporation balloon.

COLOSSEUM.—THE MEXICAN ALOE.—This interesting and truly rational lounge commands, as it deserves, a continued influx of visitors. During the past week, an addition has been made to the numerous attractions with which the establishment abounds. The spirited proprietor, at a considerable expense, has added to the already magnificent collection of exotic plants, which adorn the conservatory, a novelty which cannot fail to attract the attention, not merely of the amateur of floral phenomena, and vegetable nature, but also of the public generally. In the course of the past week, a beautiful specimen of the Mexican aloe, or century plant, has been displayed for the inspection of visitors. It is of a species hitherto unknown in Europe; is a native of the country between Mexico and Texas, and though a voyage for no less a distance than 7,000 miles from the locality of its early growth, is to be seen in full perfection. Its height is about thirty feet, and its summit is crowned with a variety of blossoms in full bloom. The novelty has been the theme of universal admiration on the part of those most competent to form an opinion on its merits.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—This exhibition still continues to be crowded by inquirers after scientific knowledge. During the past week a richer than usual treat has been provided in a series of lectures by Doctor BACHOFFEN, on the application of the agent Electricity, to purposes connected with the economy of every day life. To use the learned professor's own words:—"That strange agent which dances in the Aurora Borealis, and destroys in the lightning's flash, may be employed in its more modified form to move machinery, to carry on correspondence at places widely distant, to explode mines of gunpowder, and even to print a ladies dress." The Doctor illustrated each of these truths by practical experiments, giving in one lecture an epitome of all that has been done or said on the subject during the last twenty years.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers, during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Haymarket.—Princess's, Oxford-street.—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street. St. James's.

Adelphi, Strand.—Lyceum, Strand.—Sadler's Wells, City-road.—Surrey, Hockings-road. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TESSARD'S WAX WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

## NECROLOGY.

### HEYMAN JOSEPH MICHAEL.

Germany has now lost, in the person of Heyman Joseph Michael, of Hamburg, another celebrated collector of works on Hebrew literature. He died suddenly, on the 10th of last month, at the age of fifty-four. Dr. Isler of Hamburg, afraid lest this magnificent library should be lost to Germany, even as that of the celebrated Oppenheim (now in Oxford) was lost, has issued an appeal to his Jewish townsmen, calling upon them to preserve this treasure to their city. We subjoin the first paragraph of this appeal, as describing the character of the deceased: "Jewish science has lost one of its greatest supports, the congregation of Hamburg one of its most distinguished ornaments. Heyman Joseph Michael has been, by a sudden death, torn from his family, his friends, and all the friends of literature. His name is known as far as the knowledge of Jewish literature extends. He was sought after by all who, in the pursuit of this field of intellectual activity, visited Hamburg; they left his threshold informed and gratified: to him came all who wished to draw from his abundant sources, and they received whatever, with the sacrifice of his health, nay, perhaps of his life, he had procured for them."—*Voice of Jacob*.

### COLONEL MACIRONE.

This distinguished but unfortunate officer expired suddenly on Saturday morning last. He was born at Manchester in 1787, and was sent by his father to Italy in 1801 for commercial objects, and was detained at Naples on the breaking out of the war. Having attracted the attention of Murat, then King of Naples, from a certain likeness he bore to Buonaparte, as well as by his success in experimental science and athletic exercises, he entered the Neapolitan service, and in a short time was appointed one of the aides-de-camp of Murat, with the rank of colonel: he was also decorated with the crosses of the Two Sicilies, and of the Legion of Honour. His "Interesting Facts," published in London, concerning that ill-starred monarch, were so eagerly sought in Italy, where the book was prohibited, that manuscript copies of it sold at a very high price. In 1820 and 1821 Colonel Macirone sent several hundred men to the Spanish settlements in South America, and received the fruitless rank of brigadier-general from the Republic of Colombia. He afterwards served the Liberal party in Spain, until the retreat of the Cortes to Cadiz. During the agitation of the Reform Bill he printed his "Defensive Instructions for the People," of which many thousand copies were sold; he subsequently published two volumes of autobiography, intending to follow them by two others, had not the death of his bookseller prevented his design. They attracted great attention and elicited much applause in the periodicals of the time. Of late years he dedicated himself to mechanical pursuits, principally to the establishment of steam locomotives on common roads, but failing in this undertaking he became much embarrassed in his circumstances, and never recovered any part of the money he embarked. He was the contributor of many useful suggestions in the *Mechanics Magazine*, and other scientific periodicals; and amongst those suggestions may be mentioned the Archimedes screw, for the impulsion of steam-ships, many years before it was adopted by government. He died suddenly, but calmly, without a murmur, we are afraid in utter destitution, leaving a widow and two daughters, of course quite penniless.

## JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

PUBLIC HEALTH.—The Registrar-General's quarterly returns of the state of the public health are obtained from 115 districts; 34 districts are placed under the metropolis, and the remaining 81 districts comprise, with some agricultural districts, the principal towns and cities of England. The population was 6,370,693 in 1841. 43,582 deaths were registered in the spring quarter ending June 30—a number greater by 2,163 than were registered in the corresponding quarter of 1845, and 4,731 more than in the June quarter of 1844. The

districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire were the most unhealthy. The inadequate supplies of water by companies, the imperfect sewerage in towns, the open drains and ditches, and the general neglect of cleanliness, leave everywhere great quantities of organic matter to decay and putrefy in the midst of crowded populations. In such circumstances the mortality, like putrefaction, is always increased when the temperature is high; and epidemics of diarrhoea, dysentery, and cholera prevail. The deaths in the quarter were 43,582. In the metropolis, the deaths at the close of June from diarrhoea, dysentery, and common cholera rose to 50 weekly, and have since increased, until they reached to the number of 149. Liverpool, Sheffield, and the towns of the north, where epidemics in the last quarter were more fatal than they had been before; and the deaths, in proportion to the population, were at least one-third part more numerous than in London. The mean temperature at Greenwich of the 13 weeks ending June 27th, is 55 deg. 2 min. which is 2 deg. 3 min. above the average of 25 years, and 3 deg. 3 min. above the average of the corresponding quarter of 1845. The temperature is very little above the temperature of the same season in 1844, when the wheat crop was so abundant; five and a half inches of rain have, however, fallen in the present quarter, and the winter of 1844 was of extraordinary mildness, while the winter of 1844 was of more than the average severity. The temperature of the Thames was 59 deg. 4 min. in the day, 58 deg. 3 min. in the night.

**GEOL. GY.**—Commander C. Morton, R.N., has propounded a new geological theory, respecting the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway and of Staffa, contending that they are not of volcanic but of vegetable origin, and the splendid relics of stupendous bamboos of a far distant age. In support of this hypothesis he alludes to the fact of the separate joints, both in bamboos and basaltic columns, being articulated with semi-spherical tenons, and corresponding sockets or mortices; the tenon or mortice being, in both productions, sometimes in the upper and sometimes in the lower ends of the joint; as particularly remarkable in the columns of the Giant's Causeway. In reference to the established theory of basaltic columns being crystallized from torrents of molten lava, he shews that it is opposed to the general laws of crystallization; and remarks upon the utter impossibility of the separate joints, blocks, or crystals, of which the columns are composed, selecting (if thus formed) their fellow joints of similar diameter, with corresponding sockets or mortices, and arranging themselves so closely and exactly one above another, till stupendous columns were raised many hundred feet in height; the length of the joints, and diameter of contiguous columns, exhibiting all the relative variety of dimensions which mark a field of sugar-canes or a forest of bamboos. He also shews that bamboos, even in the present day, secrete silex or flint, the chief component part of basaltic columns; and that the well-known material called "vegetable ivory," now substituted for animal ivory in many articles of ordinary use, is the production of an existing order of palm trees. There is not, says Captain Morton, such disparity in size between the most colossal of the columns of the Giant's Causeway and the bamboos of the present day, as between the monstrous antediluvian lizard, the iguanodon, and our diminutive reptiles of similar tribes. The iguanodon was many thousand times as big as our lizards; but bamboos merely five or six times as lofty as some of the present day, would suffice to give us a mountain range equal in height to the most lofty and precipitous basaltic mountain in Scotland. The volcanic theory of their origin, though supported "by all living geologists" (Captain Morton asserts), must yield to the simple principles of nature, which not only render basaltic columns, but many of the apparently mysterious phenomena, susceptible of easy solution. *Edin Evening Mail.*

**ARTIFICIAL HATCHING.**—A correspondent calls our attention to the hatching of eggs by artificial means, as now carried out on a large scale as a commercial speculation, at Heathfield, between Tonbridge Wells and Lewes, by Mr. W. J. Cantelo. The hatching machine is described as ingenious and simple. It is carried on by means of a small fire of charcoal, by which a large tank of water is heated, which is dispersed by means of a fan over a large space, covering the eggs, which are contained in waterproof cloth. The cloth containing the hot water rests on the top of the eggs, and answers all the

purposes of the breast of the hen, or, as the patent states, is "top contact heat." During my visit, says our correspondent, I saw upwards of one hundred chickens leave their shells, and a more interesting sight could scarcely be conceived than seeing the hole pecked through the shell, and afterwards the efforts made by the chicken to liberate itself, which it does without assistance. Many of them could be distinctly heard chirping whilst within the shell. There were also half a dozen detached buildings, surrounded by hundreds of lively chickens. These buildings, and the top contact heat, of the hatching machine, form the great feature of the invention, being the places of shelter for the chickens, or artificial mothers, and consist of ingeniously contrived means, by which a series of pipes are heated, and under which the chickens seek the warmth they require. Upwards of two thousand chickens, all lively and healthy, were running about. It appears to me that the successful carrying out of this scheme will prove of great importance to this country, as it will be the means of increasing the amount of food; for at present, though a hen may lay upwards of two hundred eggs in the course of a year, she cannot herself hatch more than from twenty to thirty.

**EXPORTATION AND CONSUMPTION OF EGGS.**—A curious account is given in one of the French papers of the French export trade in eggs. In 1844 the number exported from France, as shown by the Customs returns, was rather more than 88 millions, on which the government received an export duty of 114,000 fr. Of these 88 millions of eggs, 62 millions are stated to have been exported to England. The consumption of eggs in Paris is about 128 eggs each person, making a total of nearly 120 millions annually in that capital alone. The consumption of eggs in France is reckoned at 9,000,000,000 eggs annually.

**LUXURIOUS TRAVELLING.**—The travellers on the Dutch railroads being much annoyed by the dust during the hot weather, an expedient has been devised for the purpose of preventing the annoyance, by attaching a car, pierced with holes, behind the tender. The cars are filled with ice, which being melted during the journey, effectually lays the dust.

## JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

*The Zois, a Journal of Cerebral Physiology and Mesmerism, and their application to Human Welfare.* No. XLV for July.

PERHAPS this is the most interesting number of the *Zois* that has yet been issued. As the study and the practice of Mesmerism extend, so does the quarterly journal devoted to it grow in the variety and importance of its contents, communications coming to it from all parts of the world, of experiments confirmatory of the truths it is designed to teach. As before, we purpose to notice the various articles, and to extract some of the more rare and curious cases recorded in its pages.

The first paper is a collection of "Instances of Double States of Consciousness, independent of Mesmerism," by Dr. ELLIOTSON. It opens with the repetition of a statement long ago put forth by the Doctor, that nothing occurs through Mesmerism which does not occur in disease without it, and this extends even to the phenomena of *obscurance*. WELSHOLT'S Lectures on Somnambulism have familiarised most readers with the phenomena of that state of existence, and which bear an exact resemblance to those produced by Mesmerism. We take one of them. It is a remarkable case that occurred at the Middlesex Hospital, and was reported by Dr. WILSON to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society.

R. Jones, aged 15, admitted into the Middlesex Hospital 2nd March, 1842, said to have been complaining of the head aches for two or three days. He looks remarkably well. On the day he was admitted he met the nurse in the ward with a piece of bread in her hand; he took the bread from her without saying a word, and instantly ate it. He then went to the fire-place, sat down, took the key of the boiler cock, and let the hot water run on the floor of the ward. Then he was or-

dered to bed; but at dinner-time he got up, seized a patient's beef, and ate it in bed. About a quarter of an hour after this, he got out of bed again, took nine potatoes out of a bowl and ate them. At tea-time he had three slices of bread given to him with his tea. Having eaten these, he pounced upon three slices of the nurse's toast, returned to bed, and devoured them immediately. The next day he possessed himself of a man's dinner and ate it. After this, he was occasionally restrained to bed, to prevent a repetition of plunder. When not restrained, he was more watched, and the patients took more care of their food. Those who were not able to take care of their own allowances, the nurse took charge of. Butter, sugar, or any thing eatable, he made off with, and despatched with equal facility. Though he was always on full diet, that never satisfied him when in the extraordinary state. Many of the patients gave him part of their allowance, and from those who could not eat much he obtained larger shares. When not occupied in eating or seeking for food, he generally slept night and day. It was with difficulty an answer could be obtained to any question put to him. This extraordinary state of appetite and sleep continued for three or four days, when he recovered his natural, or ordinary state of appetite, sleep, and consciousness. Then he had no recollection of any thing he had done, nor of what had happened to him since his admission, neither had he any recollection of being brought to the hospital. The patients were all very much surprised at his altered state and behaviour. He was ready to assist or wait upon any of them. He also assisted the nurse in carrying pails of water and filling the boiler. He now ate no more than other patients, and took no other person's food, conducting himself in all respects with the greatest propriety. In the extraordinary state he would assist no one, nor even help himself in any way, except in appropriating food, but called for the nurse on all occasions when he wanted any thing. He now says he has often been in "a state of forgetfulness." His mother says, the first time he fell into this state, he was at school in Westmoreland, when the boys said he had turned "daft." He remained in the hospital till the 4th of April, without shewing any departure from the ordinary state, and was then discharged.

April 6th. Two days after being discharged, he was brought back by his mother. She said the boy was now again in his sleepy state, and that, whatever may happen to him, or whatever he may do or say, he retains no recollection of it when he comes to himself. He now persists in keeping his bed, and sleeps continually, and his appetite is voracious. For some days he seldom opened his eyes, but from time to time would get out of bed and prowl about the ward, with heavy and only partially opened eyes, in search of food, and devoured what he could lay his hands on. This sleepy state continued to the 15th (a week after his re-admission), when he returned to his ordinary state, and was surprised to find himself again in the hospital. His mother had seen him on the 13th; but on his recovery, he told her that he had not seen her. He continued for some time longer in the ward, and ate and slept like other people, and without any deviation from his common consciousness. His spirits were good, and he looked in full health. Then he was discharged.

Sept. 3rd. He was admitted for the third time. He had lately been employed in gardening. The day before he was brought to the hospital, he said he was going to be attacked as before. He is now stupid, very sleepy, and has a voracious appetite. One day I saw him seize a bowl of potato peelings, which he grasped by handfuls, and devoured till the bowl was taken from him. For three or four days he continued to sleep almost constantly. Then he began to read the Bible in a very audible, distinct, and emphatic manner. Next he would sing psalms. These reading and singing fits continued at intervals for some days; but when not so occupied, he seemed indifferent to all around him, and went off to sleep. He took notice of very few persons, but appeared to know some. The day nurse he always recognised when in this state, though he never appeared to know the night nurse. If he answered any one, it seemed with reluctance, and he then turned over, or covered his head under the bed clothes, and went off to sleep. This sleepy state continued till the 12th, when he began to fret, and tears flowed. He appeared as if he was coming to himself, for such a change had been noticed before when he was beginning to recover.

His appetite was not long ravenous on this day. He at length said he felt well, but knew he had not been so.

On Sept. 14th he was quite himself again: as on all former occasions, he recollects nothing that happened while in the late state. But he recollects that, for two days before the change came over him (a fortnight ago), he felt an odd sensation and indistinct vision, particularly on first getting up; and that he then told those with whom he was living, that he was going to be unwell again. He continued quite well for a week longer, and then left the hospital to return to his occupation.

The third paper is a collection by Dr. ELLIOTSON of more cases of painless surgical operations in the mesmeric state. One of them is the extraction of a tooth from a man at King's College Hospital, and which is attested by Professors BELL and FORBES. This is Professor BELL's report of the case:—

James Payne was brought to me by Mr. Chandler on Tuesday morning, April the 14th, 1846, in order that a tooth might be removed whilst in a state of mesmeric trance. He is a healthy, vigorous young man, with a countenance expressive of remarkable simplicity and good humour. On being placed in a chair, Mr. Chandler proceeded to throw him into the mesmeric trance, which was effected in about a minute, or a minute and a half. The right hand was then raised, and it remained in a state of entire rigidity, and on being pricked on the hand and face with a pin, not the slightest indication of feeling was evinced. He was then restored to consciousness, and I examined the state of the teeth. I found on the left side of the upper jaw that the second bicuspid and the first molar were considerably decayed; and that on introducing a small instrument, the latter was very tender, shewing exposure of the pulp. He was then again thrown into the mesmeric trance, and on introducing the instrument much more freely, and thoroughly probing the cavity, the only indication of any sensation being felt was a slight movement of the tongue towards the tooth. Mr. Chandler then asked him in a very low whisper whether he felt any pain? To which he replied in as low a whisper, "Very little." A few more passes entirely removed this sensibility, and the free probing of the tooth-pulp produced no apparent effect. The head was now placed against the back of the chair, and the mouth opened by Mr. Chandler, and they remained immovable. I then with a pair of forceps removed the molar tooth, which was *unusually firm*, the roots being not only divergent, but bent. Not the slightest indication was evinced of pain or of sensation. A sponge was placed against the orifice of the alveolus to receive the blood, and I closed the gum. Mr. Chandler then restored the patient, who, on coming to himself, smiled, and appeared wholly unconscious of what had taken place; and on being asked, "Well, where is your tooth?" He looked surprised, and said, "It's gone, Sir." I asked him if he was conscious of having suffered pain, and he assured me that he did not know that any thing had been done; that he had no recollection of feeling any pain. On the whole the case was perfectly satisfactory to me as well as to my friend, Professor Edward Forbes, who was present, and who will attest the accuracy of this report.

THOMAS BELL, F.R.S., F.R.C.S.

Professor of Zoology in King's College, London,  
and Lecturer on Dental Surgery at Guy's Hospital.

Copy of certificate from Professor Forbes.

I was present when Professor Bell extracted a tooth from the man, Payne, when thrown into a mesmeric trance by Mr. Chandler. I fully attest the accuracy of the above statement. The patient was strong and healthy. When awake, he evidently suffered pain on the probing of the decaying tooth; but during its extraction, when he was in the mesmeric trance, he did not exhibit the slightest symptoms of pain or inconvenience. After the operation he did not shew any signs of fatigue or distress.

EDWARD FORBES,

Professor of Botany, King's College, London.

A vast number of cases of cures of disease by Mesmerism are reported in this number. Here is one which will interest.

The following short account of the cure of a case of epilepsy in Ceylon, is contained in a letter received by Dr. Engle-  
duc

from Dr. Davey, now resident in that island, and formerly of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum:—"A Cingalese boy, who had suffered for several years from epilepsy, came under my care in the hospital. He generally had four or five fits every twenty-four hours. I mesmerised him regularly for three months. In a very short time the number of fits diminished, and at the end of the second month he occasionally passed through the entire day without an attack. The disease gradually left him, and he has not had an attack for two months. I shall discharge him cured in a short time."

From another article translated from a medical periodical published in Russia, it appears that Mesmerism is making vast strides in that country.

The seventh communication is a short one from Mr. H. S. THOMPSON; but it is to us extremely interesting, as confirming an impression we have long entertained, that the cerebral organs may be excited by touch without the presence of Mesmerism, both when we sleep and when we wake, and that our dreams are influenced by the accident of pressure upon particular organs according to the position in which we lie. Our readers will remember the instance recorded in the CRITIC of the excitement of the organs of the brain by touch in ordinary sleep. This is Mr. THOMPSON'S communication:

MY DEAR ELLIOTSON,—I cannot recollect without my note-book, which I have not with me, the particulars of all the cases that I have met with where the cerebral organs have been excited by touch without the patient being mesmerised, but such as I do I send you.

The two cases which I think are the most striking were the following:—I was staying at a friend's house, when one evening phrenology was the topic of discussion, and the lady of the house asked me to point out, if I could, the particular traits of character which her children possessed. Amongst them was a girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age. I had scarcely laid my hand on the organ of Self-esteem, when she drew herself up haughtily, and said that she disliked my hand upon her head. I removed my hand from that organ and shortly replaced it, when she made the same remark. At first I thought I had not got the most amiable of individuals under my hands, but it immediately struck me that the organs had been excited by contact. I removed my finger and placed it on Benevolence, and after keeping it there a short time, she looked up and smiled, and said, "I like that—that is pleasant." I then placed it on Wit, and she began to laugh and seem in a very merry humour. I tried no further, as I knew the family were rather averse to Mesmerism, and I thought that she would soon be in a mesmeric state from the extraordinary effect produced involuntarily upon her, and which was a proof of her extreme susceptibility.

The second case was a gentleman, in whom I excited the organs of Wit, Imitation, Tune, Self-esteem, Benevolence, when he was not in a mesmeric state, and who had just declared his disbelief of the power to excite the cerebral organs by contact in a mesmeric state. He admitted that he felt no inclination to resist the strange impulse that he immediately had to develop those different feelings which we think peculiar to the several organs touched.

I have met with some other cases accidentally, but they were not so clear or satisfactory as those I have related, nor can I recollect them sufficiently well to describe them without referring to my note-book.

There is a case here of mania subdued by Mesmerism, and many cures of epilepsy are noted, Mesmerism seeming to have a specific influence over this hitherto incurable disease. Another remarkable case is that of a Cure of a Diseased Lung, reported by Mr. PARSONS, of Brighton, and the more satisfactory as it occurred with his own child.

Dr. ASHBURNER narrates a series of experiments with two patients, that confirm in every particular the researches of Baron REICHENBACH, some time since introduced to the reader. We take parts of this curious contribution:—

If the magnet be presented to them at the distance of two or

three feet in a dark room, they see a beautiful blue light, which instantly vanishes if the armature be applied. These corroborations of Reichenbach are so numerous, that they are hardly worth repeating, were it not for the purpose of shewing that the conditions being the same, the truth of the fact is established by multiplied examples. \* \* \* Mary Anne Douglas, a slight-built small person, aged twenty-one, is of a highly nervous temperament. She first came under my care at the Middlesex Hospital on the 16th of March, 1845, and was for some months under the treatment usually had recourse to in such cases as her's. She was affected with fits, which were, in fact, a severe form of hysterical epilepsy. \* \* \* This case offers, from her high and delicate nervous temperament, an example of very quick susceptibility to mesmeric influence. Gold, platina, nickel, magnetized iron, antimony and bismuth, or one of the poles of a common galvanic battery of very small power, each instantly produce sleep with rigidity, though the moment before she had been wide awake. The touch of a person who had been for ten minutes under the influence of a galvanic current passed through 300 feet of thick iron wire, suddenly induces in this case a deep sleep with rigidity. Iron or zinc applied to the nape of the neck quickly dissolve the rigidity and finally the sleep. Their agency being repulsive, Mary Anne Douglas becomes awake. A middle-sized rock crystal held with the pyramidal termination to her face, induces a very calm placid sleep; the opposite pole of the crystal being held near her forehead, she wakes up suddenly. The pyramidal end of a rock crystal being offered to her hand, she grasps it with delight, and soon sleeps: but if the other pole or butt-end of the crystal be applied, she complains of its burning her. And if it be held long enough to the palm of her hand, it always wakens her suddenly. This very remarkable effect of rock crystal to induce agreeable sleep or sudden wakefulness, according as the attractive or repulsive end of the crystal be held to the face, to the pit of the stomach, or to the palm of the hand, I have verified on sixteen cases with various modifications: but I hold that, in mesmeric investigations, in order to establish a law, a selection should be made of very delicate susceptibilities, as experiments on these afford results more clear and more decided. Harriett P— was repeatedly submitted to the influence of the pyramidal terminations of rock crystals, and one morning she was put to sleep by the presentation to the face of the pyramidal pole, and wakened by that of the opposite pole twenty times in four minutes. Mary Anne Douglas and Jane Love are so susceptible, that if one lens belonging to a pair of crystal spectacles be held before the eyes of either of them, one side of it is repulsive or disagreeable and wakens; the other is attractive or agreeable, and induces sleep. Mrs. H— has often gone into a gentle sleep, in the duration of which she expresses by her gestures great delight in approximating or touching the pyramidal end of the crystal; but if the pole be reversed at the distance of a foot from her, she expresses a disgust and horror at the repulsive agency of the crystals; and if it be persevered in, though she may be standing, she falls flat upon her back perfectly insensible. This alarming experiment I have seen unwittingly performed three times. The repulsive pole in her case does not waken, but produces the retrogressive action of the body—a fall backwards and insensibility. If the disagreeable repulsive end be continued to be held towards her, a subsultus and jactitation supervene, which appear very alarming; but she has always recovered from them, on the application of the attractive pole of the crystal; and has expressed herself refreshed and strengthened beyond measure. The more usual effect in well-marked healthy cases of nervous temperament, is the sleep alternating with the wakefulness according to the end of the crystal which may be presented. Dr. Bunnett requested me to try the effect of hazle-wood upon some of these cases. He brought me a couple of bits of hazel-stick from the Countess de Salis' property: these were recently cut and fresh. Mary Anne Douglas took one of them into her hands, and said it felt warm. In two minutes she was fast asleep, insensible to external impressions, and strongly grasping the stick in both hands. A gold chain was wound round the stick in the space of it between her two hands. She complained of a burning from the stick, and with evidently uncomfortable feeling relinquished her hold. A piece of white thorn or a piece of fir, which Dr. Bunnett sent me, produce similar effects. The stick from an ash tree produces no apparent effects. These experiments,

with precisely similar results, have been tried, upon nine cases, and have been very often repeated. \* \* \* Mr. Noad was obliging enough to come to my house with his machine on the 13th inst. when I had collected some very susceptible patients, for the sake of trying on them the effects of the direct and of the inverse currents from the positive binding screw of his new coil machine. Besides ourselves and the patients the persons present were my ancient friend and fellow-student, Mr. Lloyd Williams, of Denbigh, Mr. Wass and Mrs. Holmes. Mary Anne Douglas was placed in a chair, and a disc of copper in communication with the positive wire being held to the nape of the neck, and the negative wire around the instep, the current passed, and in an instant there was deep sleep with rigidity. The arrangement was reversed; the positive wire was placed near the foot, and the negative wire at the nape of the neck. The patient the instant before was in a deep sleep, at that moment she became wide awake; similar results were obtained in seven cases. The attractive current producing sleep, the repulsive instant vigilance. Being myself a very difficult person to put to sleep by mesmeric passes, I got Mr. Noad to try the direct and inverse currents on myself; I could have borne the direct current with great satisfaction; it was producing on me a sense of coolness, and an indolent comfortable feeling, which might in time have ended in sleep, but the inverse current was so repulsive and disagreeable to me, that I could not bear it for many seconds.

“Mesmerism in Ireland” reports many painless operations lately performed there. A letter from Miss MARTINEAU, in a subsequent page, will interest our readers. Dr. ELLIOTSON says

I received the following from a stranger in Wales:—  
“Sir, I pray you to excuse the liberty I am taking in troubling you with an enquiry wholly unconnected with your profession or its duties. The interest I take in a subject so devotedly advocated as that of Mesmerism is by yourself, prompts me to intrude myself, and if you will pardon my disregard of etiquette, and will at your leisure satisfy my enquiry, I shall feel extremely obliged. Has Miss Martineau’s servant been proved an impostor? or what are the circumstances attending her dismissal from service? This has just been told me as a fact by a cousin of that lady, and as it comes to me from excellent authority (though unable to assure me of the particulars), I am most anxious to ascertain from a high quarter, likely to be a depository of the facts, whether the girl has been proved an impostor, or is only one of the usual suspected and slandered cases. For my part I am no believer in impostors; that is to any extent worth noticing; and moreover so many utterly false statements are unblushingly made in society, that the notice I give to this piece of information is simply in consideration of my author’s connection with the family (not being I would add, on account of his honour and credibility).”

With the highest respect,  
I remain, Sir, your very humble and obedient servant,  
“Your very humble and obedient servant,  
I despatched this to Miss Martineau; and the following was the lady’s answer:—  
“Dear Dr. Elliotson,—Thank you for your inquiry, which is easily answered. My good girl Jane is now in the kitchen, cooking my dinner; her truth and honour have never been questioned by any who have known her. The idea of her telling a falsehood as ridiculous to such, as that of her getting drunk or standing on her head. I dare say the mistake arises from a confusion between her and my own maid, who left me above a year ago to attend her sick mother, and who has nothing to do with the mesmeric affairs. Jane, the girl mesmerised, never was my servant till this year. She was the housemaid at my lodgings at Tynemouth. As soon as I had a house of my own, I invited her to come and be my cook,—chiefly because she was ill at Tynemouth, and the doctors behaved shamefully to her, but much also from my cordial affection for her. She came, last October, quite ill, and almost blind, the doctors having failed to do her any good. My mesmerising soon set her up, and here she is,—well, busy, universally respected,

and as happy as the day is long. I hope and believe we shall never part. And now, who can this cousin of mine be! Will your correspondent have the goodness to set the matter right, and refer the said cousin to me, if further information is required? If you hear, as I am constantly doing, that I am ill, please say,—what if friend of mine, (who abhors mesmerism) replies to all inquiries, such as ‘Is Miss M. well?’ ‘She is better than any body else whatever.’ You would think so, if you saw me any evening (after a long morning of writing) rowing on the lake, mowing my grass, riding, climbing mountains, or watering my pretty new shrubberies. Few could say, after such a lapse of time, as I can, that I have not had one day’s illness since I declared myself well: and yet my friends are always writing in alarm (*always given by doctors*) to know how ill I am, and why I did not let them know. I think of advertizing in the *Times* a promise to issue a circular whenever I am ill, on condition of being believed well till then. When I call on you, which I hope to do in the autumn, you will wonder to see the change in your once pale-faced friend. Jane proved highly sensitive to Professor Gregory’s experiments here lately,—on the Reichenbach track, and so did others.

“Believe me yours very truly,

“H. MARTINEAU.”

#### Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

220. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS MITCHELL, the younger, formerly of Hatfield, county York, yeoman (died 1814), or their representatives.
221. NEXT OF KIN or personal representatives of WILLIAM FRASER, son of James Fraser, late of Ipswich, Suffolk, hatter.
222. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN ECLES, late of Enfield-green, in parish of Egham, Surrey, deceased. Something to advantage.
223. CHILDREN OF RICHARD WHEELER, PETER WHEELER, JOHN WHEELER, WILLIAM WHEELER, JAMES WHEELER, and ANN KINGSTON, brothers and sisters of Thomas Wheeler, formerly of Maenton, in the parish of Reshute, county of Wilts, yeoman (died Sept. 1830), who were living at the time of the death of Mary Wheeler, daughter of said Thomas Wheeler, in Oct. 1822, and their representatives. And also CHILDREN OF JOHN HIGGINS, formerly of Wootton Rivers, Wilts (died Feb. 1829), or their representatives.
224. ROBERT LEISHMAN, late a Lieutenant in the Shropshire militia, who resided some years with his family at Falkirk (N.B.), previous to his departure from London about the year 1829, from which place he is supposed to have sailed to the Swan River, or to some other settlement, but since which period he has not been heard of. Entitled to a life interest in certain freehold estates.
225. HEIR AT LAW OF CHARLES LEWIS, of the parish of Tre-lawney, Cornwall, in the island of Jamaica (died 17th June, 1832), or his personal representatives.
226. DAUGHTER OF the late Mrs. LAVERICK. Something to advantage.
227. THOMAS DANTON, of Deal, who in the year 1809 entered as seaman on board a vessel (name unknown), then in the Downs, bound to Rio Janeiro, and who was last seen at Coquimbo in the year 1821. Something to advantage.
228. ELIZABETH PURCHISS, who in the year 1838 was in the service of Mrs. Mary Liviney, then residing in Norfolk-street, Strand, or any person giving information will be rewarded.
229. HEIR OR HEIRS AT LAW AND NEXT OF KIN OF JAMES MILNER, late of Crown-court, Old Change, London, calenderer, and of Bush Hill, Enfield, Middlesex (died April, 1830), or their representatives.
230. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS SHENN, formerly of Chesnut, county of Hertford, farmer. Something to advantage.
231. CHILDREN OF JOSIAH KINSEY, formerly of High Holborn, wine and brandy merchant, by Elizabeth his wife, formerly Elizabeth Jones. Both dead.
232. CHARLES DONNE, a native of Llangondein and Pembry, Carmarthenshire, South Wales, son of Anthony Donne,

formerly of Forest Farm, Elandouein, who left that place many years since, or any of his descendants. *Something to advantage.* *DAVID M'RICHE, son of Mr. Alexander M' Ritchie, confectioner, Edinburgh, or his descendants.* Said D. M' Ritchie left Edinburgh in the year 1811, and has not since been heard of. *Something to advantage.*

234. NEXT OF KIN of BENJAMIN EATON, late of Rotherhithe, Surrey, ship caulker, afterwards of Grove-place, Deptford, Kent, gent. and afterwards of Bishop Wearmouth, county of Durham, gent. (died 11th Sept. 1835, at Bishop Wearmouth.) *Property bequeathed to them by Isabella Eaton, his widow.* *(To be continued weekly.)*

**BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.**  
The volumes of THE CRITIC hitherto, strongly, and uniformly bound, as they are completed, at 4s. 6d. each.

The stamped numbers may be transmitted by the post, open at the ends, addressed to the Publisher, with a distinctive mark, of which advice should be given in a letter directing how the volumes, when bound, shall be returned.

A Portfolio, on a new and convenient plan for preserving the current numbers of THE CRITIC may be had at the office, or, by order, through any bookseller in town or country.

Price 4s.

**LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**

The Right Honourable H. Labouchere has appointed as his private secretary, Mr. W. Torrens M'Cullagh, the author of the "Industrial History of Free Nations."

The Rev. C. Wordsworth, son of the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and nephew of the poet, has been appointed Warden of the new Episcopal College at Perth—and the *Globe* states that, immediately after the rev. gentleman's nomination was made known to him, he sent the magnificent donation of 5,000*l.* towards the funds of the institution.

**SALE OF COINS.**—On Tuesday a sale, which was commenced on Thursday last, of Greek and Roman coins, was resumed at the auction-rooms of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, Wellington-street, Strand. There was numerous attendance of connoisseurs, among whom were the Earl of Charendon and Col. Fox, M.P., who bought largely. The following fetched the highest prices:—A bronze medallion of Annus Verus re Commodus, of which there was only another specimen known, and which was in the Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris, 36*l.* A small gold coin of Platina; on the reverse was the laureated head of her husband, 20*l.* 10*s.* A ditto of Domitian, with the head of the empress on the obverse, of which there are only three specimens known, 27*l.* A large brass coin of ditto, of which only two are known, 16*l.* A trifling brass of ditto, 10*l.* 5*s.* A bronze medallion of Hadrian, 30*l.* A bronze medallion of Geta, 13*l.* A bronze ditto of Faustina, sen. 10*l.* A large brass coin of Hadrian, relating to Britain; on the reverse, the emperor on horseback, addressing the British soldiers, 14*l.* 14*s.* A small silver coin of Clodius Mæcer; head of Africa on the obverse, to the right; on the reverse, the Roman legionary eagle, between two military standards, 9*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* A gold coin of Sextus Pompeius; on the obverse, head of the emperor in a garland of oak; on the reverse, head of Pompey the Great, and of Cneus Pompey; his eldest son, 12*l.* 10*s.* A large brass coin of Caligula; on the reverse the emperor is addressing five soldiers, 10*l.* A large brass coin of Marcus Aurelius; obverse, the emperor on the eagle going to Olympus, &c. 9*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* A silver coin of the Brutii (small size), each wearing the Mango; their caps ornamented with laurel leaf, 6*l.* &c. &c. The sale of the six days has produced nearly 1,800*l.*

**A FRENCH POET.**—The following amusing anecdote is related by a correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*:—M. Alex. Dumas, our fruitful novelist, has somewhere or other a homonymy who signs himself "Adolphe Dumas." This gentleman, who has a club-foot, like Lord Byron, and is blind of one eye in the bargain, has for a long time past made

himself conspicuous amongst our third-rate wits by a rare exuberance of poetical pretensions, unfortunately little suited to the taste of the public. We have of him, a tragedy once hissed at the Odéon ("Le Camp des Croisés"); with a drama hissed at the Porte St. Martin ("Mlle. de la Vallière"); and a poem entitled "La Cité des Hommes," of which the "men of the city" have not been able to understand one word. With these antecedent glories M. Adolphe Dumas presented himself the other day before the committee of the Théâtre Français, to read a comedy entitled "L'Ecole des Familles." The play was a long one, and was listened to patiently for the space of four hours, watch in hand. The ballot was then entered upon, and the result proved to be eleven black balls out of twelve thrown into the box. The affair was rendered even more funny by the fact, that M. Ad. Dumas, a great speechifier by nature, had previously harangued the committee, and assured them that notwithstanding the evil reports spread of that august assemblage, he had of his own free will selected them as judges of his literary merits. What the rejected poet felt I will not attempt to describe. But here is the account of what he did.

A circular emanating from himself, called at his house a meeting of all the coryphæes of romance known to him in the Parisian circles. M. Victor Hugo; M. Alex. Dumas; M. Méry, the Provençal novelist; M. le Comte de Vigny; M. Frédéric Soulié, author of the "Mémoires du Diable," and M. Frederick Lemaître, the actor of the Porte St. Martin, figured in this assembly of notables. The drama was read to them, and was listened to for four hours; after which the poet took his hat and made his exit, leaving these new arbiters to decide upon the dramatic value of his comedy. The discussion lasted two hours; after which the secretary of the company (a fierce young Hugolâtre called Aug. Vacquerie) drew up the report, which was signed by all present:—

"Without anticipating the result of a representation; and without infringing on the inalienable rights of the public, the *Reunion*—considering that the Théâtre Français is especially instituted and upheld for the purpose of representing works of a high literary order—a mission which seems to have been lost sight of by this theatre for some years past—declares: That the committee of the Théâtre Français has failed to fulfil the object of its institution by its rejection of the play of M. Adolphe Dumas.—(Signed) MM. Victor Hugo, Alex. Dumas, Vacquerie, Lacroix, &c. &c. The committee, thunderstruck by this anathema, bethought themselves of a somewhat ingenious rejoinder. M. Alex. Dumas, one of the subscribers to the terrible protestation, is on the point of becoming the lessee of a new theatre. If consistent with himself, he must, on the refusal of MM. the Comédiens Français, accept this "Ecole des Familles," and produce it as his piece of inauguration. If he dares to give the author this signal proof of sympathy, the Comédiens Français own themselves beaten, and how to the censure which has been so solemnly cast on them."

**POMPEII.**—The Italian journals give some details of the result of the latest excavations at Pompeii. When the Scientific Congress was assembled a house was exposed in their honour which had evidently belonged to a rich citizen. The frescoes found there were well executed, but the other parts were not in any way remarkable. The house, known by the title of the "Hunters," is now entirely exposed. It is only remarkable for its pictures, which all relate to hunting, and are executed with a certain vigour. The house examined on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Russia presented nothing worthy of notice. A few amphorce and bronzes were found, but their quality was exceedingly ordinary. The visit of the Empress of Russia brought to light a portable kitchen. It was made of iron, and prepared with cavities to receive the saucepans containing the meat and vegetables. A recent excavation has discovered a house, in one of the rooms of which was lying the skeleton of a man, and near him thirty-six silver coins and two gold ones. The latter were of the time of Domitian, and the silver pieces bore the likeness and the name of Vespasian. It is not unlikely that this man may have been a thief, who was overtaken by the fiery storm whilst making his escape with his booty.

**SUPPLY OF WATER TO ROME AND LONDON.**—A sufficient supply of pure water is a matter of vital importance. A correspondent of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, in the current number, after describing briefly some of the principal aqueducts in

Rome, says—"The probable supply to the 1,000,000 inhabitants of which Rome could one time boast, amounted to 50,000,000 cubic feet, being equal to about 50 cubic feet for each individual. This is probably 20 times the quantity which London now receives for each of its inhabitants—a fact which goes far to justify the application of the disgraceful term 'bathless' to this the largest, the most opulent, and the most powerful city in the world. How miserably insignificant do our water-works appear, and how trifling the supply they furnish to this mighty city of more than 2,000,000, when contrasted with the immense flood of pure water poured into old Rome by her gigantic aqueducts! And how discreditable the difference between the two capitals, when we reflect on the far superior resources which modern science has placed at her command, and on the well-known fact that through the happy constitution of the strata on which London stands, she has at her command—requiring as it were but the snifting of the rock to make them gush forth—boundless supplies of the purest possible water."

The Lower House of Bavaria have voted 24,000 florins (2,000*l.*) as an instalment towards the purchase and transport of the Numismatic collection of the brothers Longo of Messina. It contains some of those unsurpassed gold medals (basso-relievs) of Agrigentum and Syracuse—patterns of the finest art-taste ever exhibited by man.—*The Builder*.

A Government Bill has been printed to amend the Act 7 & 8 Vict. c. 73,—and give effect to the copyright treaty recently concluded between her Majesty and the King of Prussia. The rate of duty is set forth in the schedule annexed to the Act. Books originally produced in the United Kingdom and republished in the country of export, are to be charged 2*l.* 10*s.* the cwt.—and works not originally produced in the United Kingdom 15*s.* the cwt. Prints and drawings (plain or coloured), 3*d.* each,—and bound or sewn 1*d.* the dozen.

From Paris, we learn that the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres has, by an all but unanimous vote, elected the Marquis de la Grange to the chair in its body vacated by the death of M. Eryias:—and in the same paragraph we may state that the French Government has bestowed on three members of the Institute, MM. Flourens, Poinso, and Tropolong, the highest social distinction in the power of governments to bestow—by elevating them to the dignity of Peers of France.

MR. BROOKE: BORNEO.—We rejoice to be informed by the *Singapore Free Press* of June 2, that the *Phlegethon* steamer had returned to that port, bringing the gratifying intelligence that the Rajah of Sarawak, our illustrious countryman Mr. Brooke, was safe and well in his capital on the 26th of May. He had embarked in the vessel and visited the rivers, coasts, and settlements rendered historical by Capt. Keppel's most interesting work; and found all the Malay and Dyak chiefs and tribes adhering to their friendly relations. He, of course, did not invade the city of Borneo Proper, where the imbecile Sultan and his party had overturned the system of Muda Hassim, and destroyed him and his leading adherents. We trust, however, that our Government will see the necessity of bringing these savage pirates to reason, and not suffer such a plague-spot to continue in these important seas or the Indian Archipelago. Mr. Brooke, we learn, visited six rivers of some magnitude, penetrating for sixty miles into the interior—a demonstration of power to punish which will have the most beneficial effect along the whole coast. At many of the places they visited, the chiefs in their large war-boats appeared to pay their respects to Mr. Brooke.

#### REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From July 25 to Aug. 1.

#### NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Anthon's Homer, edited by Dr. Major, 12mo. 6*s.* roan.—*Æschylus'* Tragedies, English Prose, from text of Bloomfield, 3rd edit. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.
- Brown's (Dr. Thomas) Lectures on Ethics, with Preface by Dr. Chalmers, post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Barnes's (A.) Notes on the New Testament, Vol. VIII., Thessalonians, 12mo. 3*s.* cl. (Glasgow).—Barnes's Questions on the Acts, 12mo. 9*d.* swd.—Barnes's (A.) Notes on the Ephesians, &c. sq. fcap. 2*s.* swd. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Baynes's Knitted Lace Collar Receipt Book, sq. 6*d.* swd.—Bramwell's (Rev. Wm.) Life, by T. Harris, 12mo. 3*s.* cl.—Bogue's European Library, Vol. X. "Galt's Life of Cardinal Wolsey," post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Bohn's Standard Library, Vol. X. "Schiller's Thirty Years' War," post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Bentley's Modern Literature, Vol. I. "Walpole's Letters," Vol. I. 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* cl.
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- V. V.'s poems are not perfect enough for our columns; we have therefore complied with his request.
- T. C. (Uttoxeter).—Nothing is worth notice that appears in so disreputable a paper.
- T. U.—We are really at a loss how to help our correspondent. We know neither of the works he names, and we do not know a really good book on English composition. The truth is, it cannot be taught by rules, but by reading, natural taste, and hard practice.
- W. H.—The poem has one defect: the metre is bad. But for this it should have a place, for the thoughts are good. We should like to see the translation he names. It shall be taken care of.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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